

The MOTOR OWNER



NO car has been more conspicuously successful in meriting premier awards in motor competitions than the LEA-FRANCIS. In addition to gaining a Special Award in the R.A.C. 1,000 miles Light Car Trial and Premier Award in the Land's End-John o'Groats Trial, in the recent London-Edinburgh run 12 Lea-Francis cars were entered. Each obtained a gold medal and each was an absolutely standard car. Prices range from £210. The 12/22 h.p. Saloon illustrated is only £365.

LEA & FRANCIS, LTD., COVENTRY

London Showrooms :—118-120, GREAT PORTLAND STREET, LONDON, W.1



Women Drivers

Do they realise the relation of engine lubrication to both petty and serious driving problems?

More and more men drivers are realising the importance of using the correct oil in their cars. To their wives who drive the car during the week, the importance of scientific lubrication is even greater.

Driving problems, troublesome enough for men drivers, become more serious when a woman is at the wheel.

Of the driving problems which bother women, perhaps the most important are—

1. Difficult starting.
2. Heavy gear change.
3. Misfiring due to fouled sparking plugs.

These troubles, and many others, can frequently be traced to faulty lubrication.

The continued use of the grade of Mobiloil specified in the Chart of Recommendations ensures maximum freedom from starting delays and roadside breakdowns.

If your car is not listed in the partial Chart on the right, refer to the complete Chart at your garage or write for a copy of our booklet "Correct Lubrication," which contains a full list of recommendations, together with useful information to the motorist.



Mobiloil
Make the Chart your Guide

HEAD OFFICE: Caxton House, Westminster, S.W. 1

Belfast Birmingham Bradford Bristol Cardiff Dublin Dundee Glasgow Hull Liverpool Manchester Newcastle-on-Tyne

WORKS: Birkenhead and Wandsworth

VACUUM OIL COMPANY, LTD.

Chart of Recommendations (ABRIDGED EDITION) MOTOR CARS

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of motor cars are specified in the Chart below.

How to Read the Chart:
E means Gargoyle Mobiloil "E"
Arc means Gargoyle Mobiloil "Arc"
A means Gargoyle Mobiloil "A"
BB means Gargoyle Mobiloil "BB"
TT means Gargoyle Mobiloil "TT"
B means Gargoyle Mobiloil "B"

Where different grades are recommended for summer and winter use, the winter recommendation should be followed during the entire period when cold temperatures may be expected.

This Chart of Recommendations is compiled by the Board of Automotive Engineers of the Vacuum Oil Company, Ltd., and represents their professional advice on correct automobile lubrication.

NAME OF CAR	1925		1924		1923		1922	
	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter	Summer	Winter
A.B.C.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Alfa-Romeo, 4-Cyl.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Alfa-Romeo, 6-Cyl.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Amilcar	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Angus-Sanderson	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Ansaldo	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Argyll, 12 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Argyll, 15/30 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Ariel	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Armstrong-Siddeley	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin, 20 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Austin (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Berliet	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
B.S.A., 10 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
B.S.A., 14 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
B.S.A. (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Beick	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Cadillac	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Chenard-Walker	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Citroen, 7.5 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Citroen (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Cubitt	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Daimler, 12 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Daimler, 16 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Daimler (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
De Dion Bouton	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delage (6-Cyl.), 40/50 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delage (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delahaye, 10, 12 & 15 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delahaye (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delaunay-Belleville, 15.9 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Delaunay-Belleville (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Essex	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Fiat	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Ford	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hampton, 11/35 and 14 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hampton (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hispano-Suiza	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Hudson Super Six	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Humber, 8 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Humber (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Isotta-Fraschini	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Itala	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Jowett (All Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Lancia (Dikappa and Trikappa)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Lancia (Lambda)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Lancia (All other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Lex-Francis	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Metallurgique, 12/15 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Metallurgique (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Morris-Cowley	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Morris-Oxford, 11.9 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Morris-Oxford (All other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Napier	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Nash	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Overland, 13.9 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Overland (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Packard Eight	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Packard (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Paige, 20/25 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Paige (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rhode	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rochet-Schneider (12 & 14 h.p.)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rochet-Schneider (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rolls-Royce	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 8 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover, 9/20 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Rover (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
S.P.A. (24.6 Cyl. & 27.4 Cyl.)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
S.P.A. (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Spyker	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Standard, 11 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Standard, 14 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Steyr	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Sunbeam	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Talbot, 14 & 16 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Talbot (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vauxhall, 23/60 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vauxhall, 25 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vauxhall (All Other Models)	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Vinot	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Voisin, 8 & 10 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Voisin, 18 h.p.	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Windsor	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A
Wolsley	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A	BB	A

GEAR BOX and BACK AXLE
Correct Lubrication recommendations are shown on the complete Chart exhibited in all garages.

REMEMBER: Ask for Gargoyle Mobiloil by the full title. It is not sufficient to say "Give me a gallon of 'A' or 'BB'." Demand Gargoyle Mobiloil "A" or "BB" or whichever grade is specified for your car in the Chart of Recommendations.

'Phone :
Western One

HARRODS LTD.

Telegrams :
"Estate, c/o Harrods, London"

AUCTIONEERS, ESTATE AGENTS & SURVEYORS

HARRODS ESTATE SALE ROOMS

62 & 64, BROMPTON ROAD, LONDON, S.W.1

(OPPOSITE MAIN PREMISES)



BERKSHIRE.

FAVOURITE DISTRICT. DELIGHTFUL RESIDENCE, 500 FT. UP. MODERN CONVENIENCES.

REDUCED PRICE

A SPECIALLY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

Occupying a beautiful and healthy position, conveniently placed for stations, shops, etc. Entrance hall, two reception, six bed rooms, bath room and complete offices.

Good Water Supply. Modern Sanitation. Central Heating.
Garage and Outbuildings.

Beautiful matured grounds, including tennis and other lawns, herbaceous borders, ornamental trees and shrubs, productive kitchen garden with glasshouse and picturesque woodland ; in all about

FOUR-AND-A-HALF ACRES.

First-rate Sporting Facilities.

A good bungalow containing four rooms can be purchased if desired.
Inspected and recommended by the Sole Agents, HARRODS, LTD., 62-64, Brompton Road, S.W.1.

KENT.

ONLY 25 MILES BY ROAD FROM LONDON. ON RISING GROUND, RIGHT IN THE COUNTRY, AMIDST DELIGHTFUL SURROUNDINGS.

SUBSTANTIALLY-BUILT HOUSE

Enjoying due South aspect and containing two reception rooms, $\frac{1}{2}$ -size billiard room, five bed rooms, bath room, kitchen, and offices.

Water. Electric Light. Telephone. Modern Drainage.

Garage. Coal and store sheds. Two pigsties. Double-span greenhouse.

Well-planted gardens and grounds, tennis lawn, bowling green, flower-beds and borders, kitchen garden and paddock, in all about

FIVE ACRES. FREEHOLD.

Additional 12 acres obtainable, thereby providing an opportunity for anyone to secure a property within easy reach of London suitable for pig or poultry farming, or for fruit farming.

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RICKMANSWORTH & NORTHWOOD (Between).

ON AN OPEN HEATH, A MILE FROM STATION, 25 MINUTES LONDON.

GENUINE OLD HOUSE

With oak beams, oak stairs, open fireplaces, and lattice windows.

Six bed rooms, three reception, bath, kitchen, etc., water. Garage.

Old matured gardens of about 1 acre.

FREEHOLD.

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DORSET AND SOMERSET BORDERS

Sherborne four miles; Yeovil Junction is near by; London within two-and-three-quarter hours.

HUNTING WITH THE BLACKMORE VALE AND CATTISTOCK. POLO. GOLF. FISHING.

THE CLIFTON MAUBANK ESTATE

VIRTUALLY THE ENTIRE PARISH OF THAT NAME, TOGETHER WITH THE LORDSHIP OF THE MANOR.

THE TUDOR MANOR HOUSE WITH XIVth CENTURY ANNEXE

is of great antiquarian interest, modernised and containing hall, lounge, three reception rooms, also billiard and music rooms (each 36 ft. by 16 ft.) in annexe, sixteen bed and dressing rooms, three bathrooms, perfect offices.

Early oak and stone newel staircases, mullioned windows, carved stone doorways, and chimneypieces of the period, ancient oak doors and panelling.
ELECTRIC LIGHT. CENTRAL HEATING. CONSTANT HOT WATER. TELEPHONE. SEPTIC TANK DRAINAGE

SIX DAIRY AND STOCK FARMS (including HOME FARM in hand), with SPLENDID BUILDINGS, SEVENTEEN COTTAGES, GARAGES, STABLING FOR HUNTERS; RICH, well-watered grazing land, 208 acres of woodland; in all some

1,485 ACRES.

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY.

Illustrated particulars from the Sole Agents, NORFOLK & PRIOR, 20, Berkeley Street, W.1.

BY ORDER OF H. E. CHAFY, ESQ.

WORCESTERSHIRE

Standing high and commanding glorious views over the Vale of Evesham to the Malvern Hills; convenient for several good towns and villages; two-and-a-half hours from London

2,000 ACRES OF ADDITIONAL SHOOTING CAN PROBABLY BE ARRANGED. HUNTING SIX DAYS A WEEK. GOLF. FISHING.

ROUS LENCH COURT

AN HISTORICAL TUDOR MANOR HOUSE,

in faultless order, containing innumerable features of interest and seated in terraced gardens of world-wide renown. The accommodation includes lounge hall, four reception rooms, seventeen bed and dressing rooms, two bathrooms, splendid offices.

CENTRAL HEATING. MAIN DRAINAGE.

ANCIENT OAK PANELLING, CARVED OAK AND STONE CHIMNEYPICES, BEAMED CEILINGS.

GARAGE. STABLING. TEN COTTAGES. THREE DAIRY AND STOCK FARMS.

WONDERFUL OLD GARDENS, with ancient clipped yew hedges, avenues and topiary work, mellowed stone terraces, undulating lawns, walled kitchen garden and glass, well-timbered park, 270 acres of valuable woodland, affording some of the finest shooting in the country; in all

805 ACRES.

FOR SALE BY PRIVATE TREATY.

Illustrated particulars from the Agents, NORFOLK & PRIOR, 20, Berkeley Street, W.1.

WILTS AND SOMERSET BORDERS

Excellent social and sporting area, within easy reach of Frome, Warminster and Westbury; 450 ft. above sea level; sandy soil; south aspect; London within one hour 50 mins.

A STONE-BUILT RESIDENCE OF CHARACTER

One of the most perfectly appointed and up-to-date "Lesser" Country Houses in the county. A considerable sum has been expended in modernising and beautifying the property, under the supervision of an eminent architect. There are oak doors and floors, stone-mullioned windows and well-designed fireplaces.

The accommodation includes two halls, four reception rooms, thirteen bedrooms, three perfect bathrooms, ideal white-tiled and well-equipped domestic offices, servants' hall, laundry, etc.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

CENTRAL HEATING.

MODERN SANITATION.

'PHONE.

GARAGE FOR FOUR CARS.

STABLING FOR HUNTERS.

FARMERY.

FOUR COTTAGES.

GLASS.

MODEL STUD FARMBUILDINGS WITH EIGHTEEN LOOSE BOXES.

CHARMINGLY LAID OUT YET INEXPENSIVE ORNAMENTAL GROUNDS, crazy paving, tennis courts, walled kitchen garden, orchard and parkland.

14 or 60 ACRES.

FOR SALE AT HALF RECENT COST.

Illustrated particulars from the Sole Agents, NORFOLK & PRIOR, 20, Berkeley Street, W.1. (27,032.)

CIRENCESTER

HUNTING.

POLO.

GOLF.

TROUT FISHING.

AN EARLY XVIIIth CENTURY COTSWOLD HOUSE

modernised, beautifully fitted and containing lounge, three reception rooms, fourteen bedrooms, two bathrooms.

COMPANY'S ELECTRIC LIGHT, GAS, WATER. 'PHONE.

STABLING OF FOUR LOOSE BOXES, TWO STALLS.

GARAGE FOR TWO CARS.

TWO COTTAGES.

THE GARDENS OF OLD-WORLD BEAUTY include herbaceous, rose and kitchen gardens, orchard, two tennis courts; in all

SIX ACRES.

A TROUT STREAM FLOWS THROUGH THE PROPERTY.

FOR SALE. Inspected and recommended by the Agents, NORFOLK & PRIOR, 20, Berkeley Street, W.1. (26,048.)

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F. G. NEVILLE
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BATTAM & HEYWOOD

20, DAVIES ST., BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

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GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

REMARKABLY FINE HOUSE AND 8 ACRES. FISHING.
(500 ft. up, 3-mile station, commanding views of unparalleled beauty, and 3 miles from town where racecourse is shortly being opened). Perfectly appointed stone-built RESIDENCE with oak parquet floors, stone mullions, etc., three reception, seven or more beds, two baths (h. and c.).



Electric light. Company's water.
Labour-saving devices. Stabling. Garage and cottage.
Beautiful grounds, orchard and grassland.
Golf. Hunting. Fishing. Shooting.

PRICE £4,000 FREEHOLD.

BATTAM AND HEYWOOD, 20, Davies Street, W.1.

'Phone, Mayfair 1289.

HERTS.

EASY REACH OF STATION.

A charming old-world RESIDENCE in a quiet and secluded position on gravel soil, and facing south. Rich with valuable sixteenth century oak panelling and doors, carved oak mantelpieces and handsome staircase. Lounge hall, three reception, eight bedrooms, bath, compact offices.



Electric light. Co.'s water. Main drains. Garage. Cottage.
Beautifully shaded by forest and other trees and screened by clipped yew hedges.
Tennis Lawn. Herbaceous borders. In all nearly

MATURED GARDENS.

2 ACRES.

Should be seen at once. Inspected and recommended by Sole Agents,
BATTAM AND HEYWOOD, 20, Davies Street, W.1.

HANTS.

"THE GABLES," LEE-ON-SOLENT

(Within ten minutes' walk of Lee-on-Solent Station and about 5 miles from Fareham).

EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE MODERN GABLED RESIDENCE

Having delightful outlook to the sea. Containing lounge hall, 28 ft. by 19 ft., two other reception rooms, seven bedrooms (two with h. and c. laid on), two bath rooms (h. and c.), etc.

Gas and electric light. Telephone.

Company's water and main drainage.

Good garage with separate approach.

The grounds are tastefully displayed, and include tennis lawn, flower borders and small vegetable garden. Adjoining plot of land if desired. With or without the whole of the furniture and contents.

FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

For Sale privately, or by auction on Thursday, June 25th.

Auctioneers—

BATTAM AND HEYWOOD, 20, Davies Street, W.1.

Telephone, Mayfair 1289.

CHELTENHAM.

ASKHAM HOUSE, PITTVILLE CIRCUS RD.

In one of the most favourite positions within a mile of the station, approached by a semi-circular carriage drive and containing three reception rooms, nine bedrooms, bath room (h. and c.).

Electric light and company's water.

Capital Garage with washing yard adjoining.

Tennis lawn, flower and kitchen gardens.

Near racecourse, etc.

FREEHOLD WITH VACANT POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

For sale privately.

Sole Agents—

BATTAM AND HEYWOOD, 20, Davies Street, W.1.

'Phone, Mayfair 1289.

NEAR PAINSWICK, STROUD and CHELTENHAM

10 minutes' walk from station, and within easy reach of two famous Golf courses.

A DELIGHTFUL OLD ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE

containing lounge hall, three reception, eleven bed and dressing rooms, two baths (h. and c.), etc. Wealth of old oak and open stone fireplaces.

Modern conveniences. Ample stabling. Garage and Gardener's Cottage

Beautiful old grounds. Orchard and grassland.

IN ALL 20 ACRES.

PRICE £8,000.

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Estate Offices: 20, DAVIES ST., BERKELEY SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

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HAMPTON & SONS

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Branches { Wimbledon: Phone 80.
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EPSOM.

UNDER A MILE FROM STATION, WITH GOOD SERVICES TO TOWN.
CLOSE TO THE DOWNS. EASY REACH OF GOLF.



VERY ATTRACTIVE AND WELL-ARRANGED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, "SUNNINGDALE," DOWNS ROAD.

Occupying a pleasant position in best part of this favourite district.

Artistic house sumptuously fitted and in splendid repair, approached by drive, and containing hall, three reception rooms, spacious billiard room, eight bed-rooms, two bath-rooms, and compact offices.

Company's electric light, gas, and water. Main drainage. Telephone.

Garage. Heated Conservatory. Useful Outbuildings.

Beautiful garden with terrace and tennis lawn, in all

OVER ONE ACRE.

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

To be sold by auction, at the St. James' Estate Rooms, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1, on Tuesday, July 14th, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).

Solicitors: Messrs. Rider, Heaton, Meredith and Mills, 8, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

Illustrated particulars from the Auctioneers, HAMPTON AND SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

SUSSEX.

IN A BEAUTIFUL PART OF THE COUNTY, CLOSE TO BRIGHTON AND
HAYWARDS HEATH. ONE MILE FROM OLD-WORLD VILLAGE.
PANORAMIC VIEWS.



"COOMBEWOOD, DITCHLING."

A RURAL FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE.

320 ft. above sea level, approached by drive, and containing on two floors seven principal and a servant's bed-room, two bath-rooms, two staircases, lounge hall with oak dado, oak-panelled dining room and two other reception rooms, loggia, and offices.

Cottage. Garage. Chauffeur's rooms. Engine house.

Company's water. Electric light.

Lovely Dutch and other pleasures, kitchen and fruit gardens, woody dell of great charm, in all

OVER FOUR ACRES.

Up-to-date fireplaces. Telephone. Good repair.

VACANT POSSESSION.

To be sold by auction, at the St. James' Estate Rooms, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1, on Tuesday, July 7th, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).

Solicitors: Messrs. Dickson, Barker and Dingle, Bank Chambers, Bedford Street, Sunderland.

Illustrated brochure and Conditions of Sale from the Auctioneers, HAMPTON AND SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

HERTS.

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE QUIANT OLD-WORLD VILLAGE OF
HARPENDEN, OVER 400 FT. UP, GRAVEL SOIL. OUTLOOK OVER OPEN
COUNTRY.



"THE GATE HOUSE."

A compact FREEHOLD COUNTRY RESIDENCE, containing hall, two reception rooms, six bed-rooms, bath-room, and convenient offices.

Garage and Outbuildings.

Company's gas and water. Electric light available.

Sunnily disposed gardens, excellent tennis lawn, kitchen garden, orchard, in all

NEARLY ONE ACRE.

VACANT POSSESSION.

To be sold by auction at the St. James' Estate Rooms, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1, on Tuesday, July 7th (unless previously sold).

Solicitors: Messrs. Lingards, Browne and Myatt, 4, New London Street, Hart Street, E.C.3.

Particulars from the Auctioneers, HAMPTON AND SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

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RURAL POSITION ONLY 12 MILES FROM TOWN WITH UNRIVALLED
MEANS OF TRANSPORT. CLOSE TO STATIONS. BUS ROUTES, SHOPS,
GOLF COURSES, POLO AND LAWN TENNIS GROUNDS



"HATHERLEIGH,"

CHEAM COMMON, WORCESTER PARK.

OLD-FASHIONED FREEHOLD RESIDENCE

Up-to-date fittings and accommodation practically on two floors. Drive approach, and containing hall, two or more reception rooms, conservatory, six beds and a dressing room, bath, ample offices.

Chauffeur's accommodation. Stabling. Garage. Vinery.

Lovely and well-wooded gardens of

OVER 1½ ACRES.

To be sold by auction at the St. James' Estate Rooms, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1, on Tuesday, July 7th, at 2.30 p.m. (unless previously sold).

Solicitors, Messrs. Amery Parkes and Co., Effingham House, Arundel Street, W.C.2.

Particulars from the Auctioneers, HAMPTON AND SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W.1.

ST. JAMES' ESTATE ROOMS



*There's twenty good horse-power
in the engine of the Rover Nine*

The 9/20 h.p.

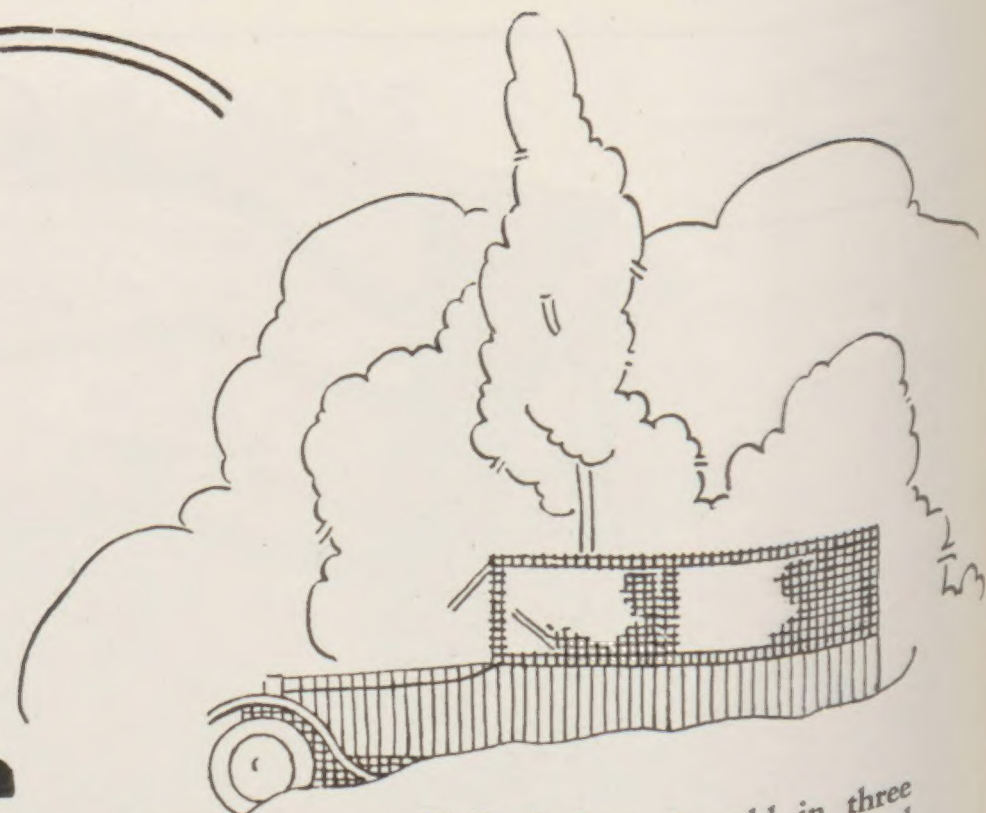
ROVER

Two or four
seater car **£185**

Write for catalogue to-day to
The ROVER COMPANY, Ltd.
COVENTRY

Or 61 New Bond Street, London, W.1

You can run the 9/20 h.p. Rover for a very moderate cost. Its tax is low in spite of the high power output of the engine, and it will not cost you more than $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a mile for petrol and oil, no matter how many passengers you carry. As for tyres, the set fitted to the car will last for upwards of 10,000 miles. The 9/20 h.p. Rover will cost much less to run than "cheap" cars of higher horse-power, and in time will prove itself the more economical proposition.



Huile de Luxe is sold in three grades—Zero, Winter, and Summer—of uniform purity, for various types of engines. The difference is in consistency only. The quality and price are the same.

et me write

that Advertisement



**HUILE
de luxe**

Prepared in three Grades
ZERO-WINTER-SUMMER



"Let me write your next advertisement. The fatty oils in Huile de Luxe mean an evenly-spread oil film over all working surfaces, freedom from the hard carbon deposits common with mineral oils, and the net result is less trouble, lower lubricating costs, and fewer repair bills."

Huile de Luxe has won hundreds of such letters of praise—unsolicited testimonials based on performance alone. Huile de Luxe is a compound lubricant that ensures a powerful and lively engine.

Send post card for booklets dealing with lubricating problems that concern every motorist

All in favour of Economical Motoring

should drop a line for the Catalogue of

SWIFT

ALL-BRITISH CARS

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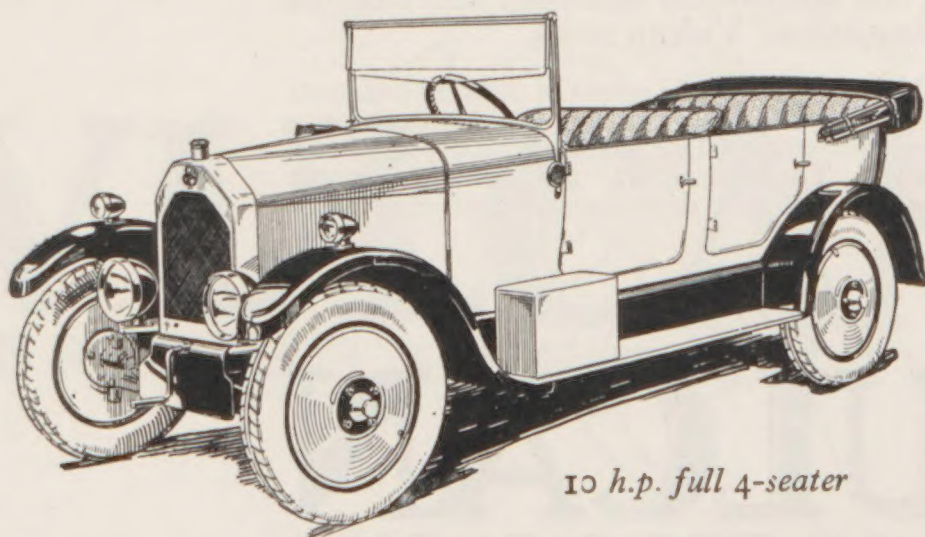
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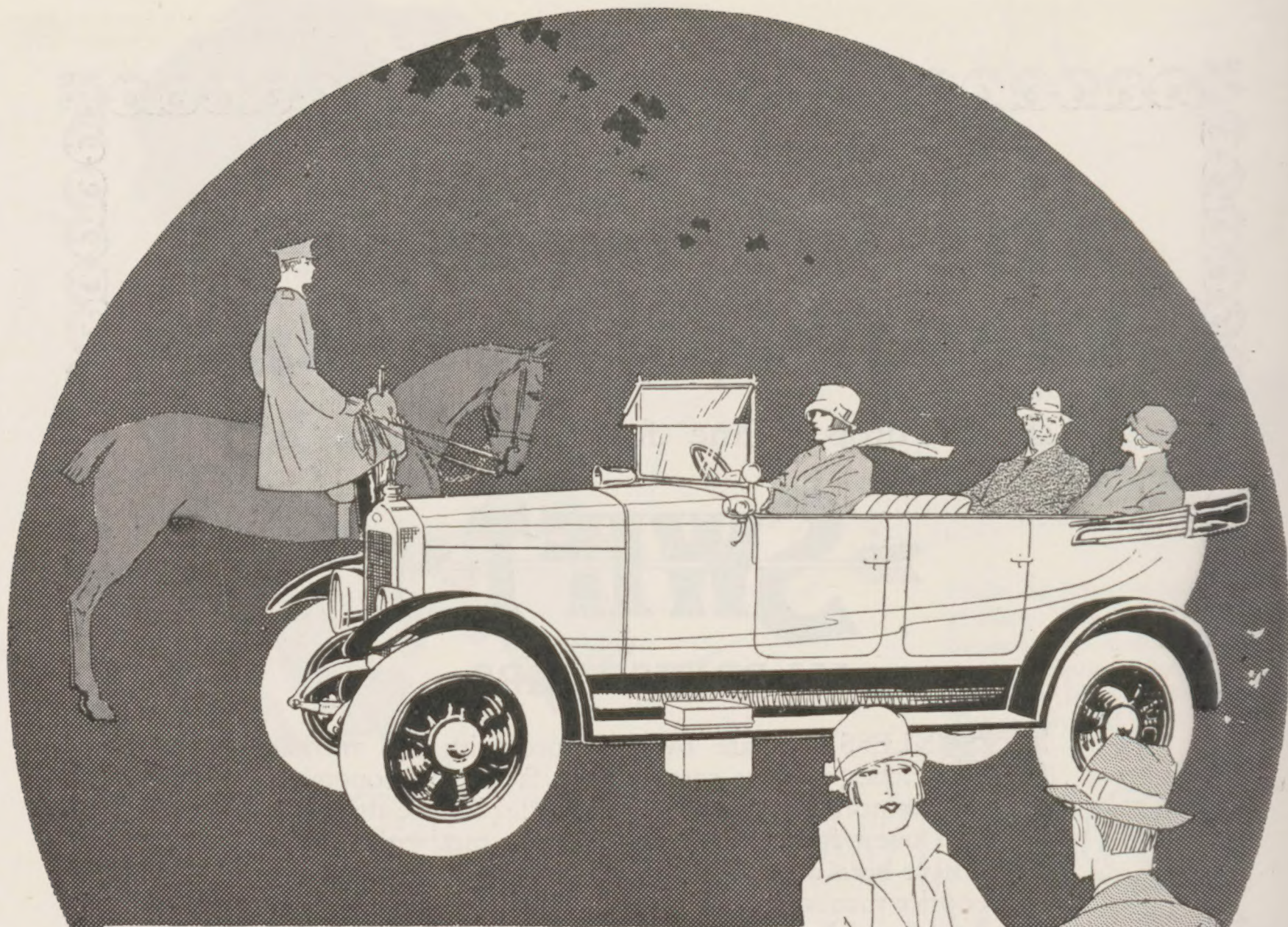
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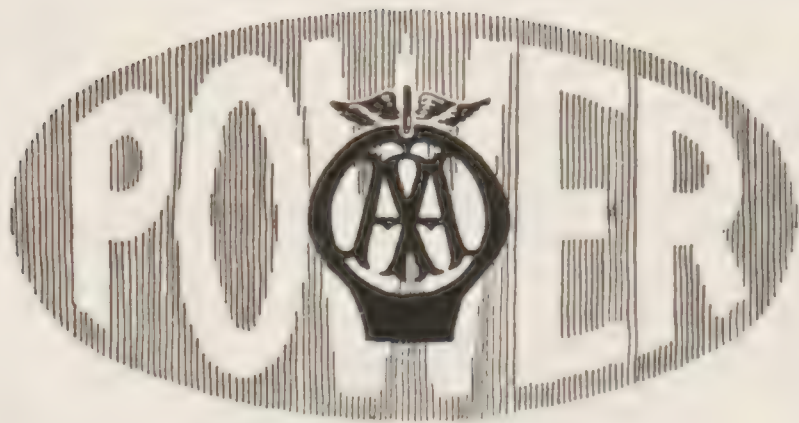
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July, 1925

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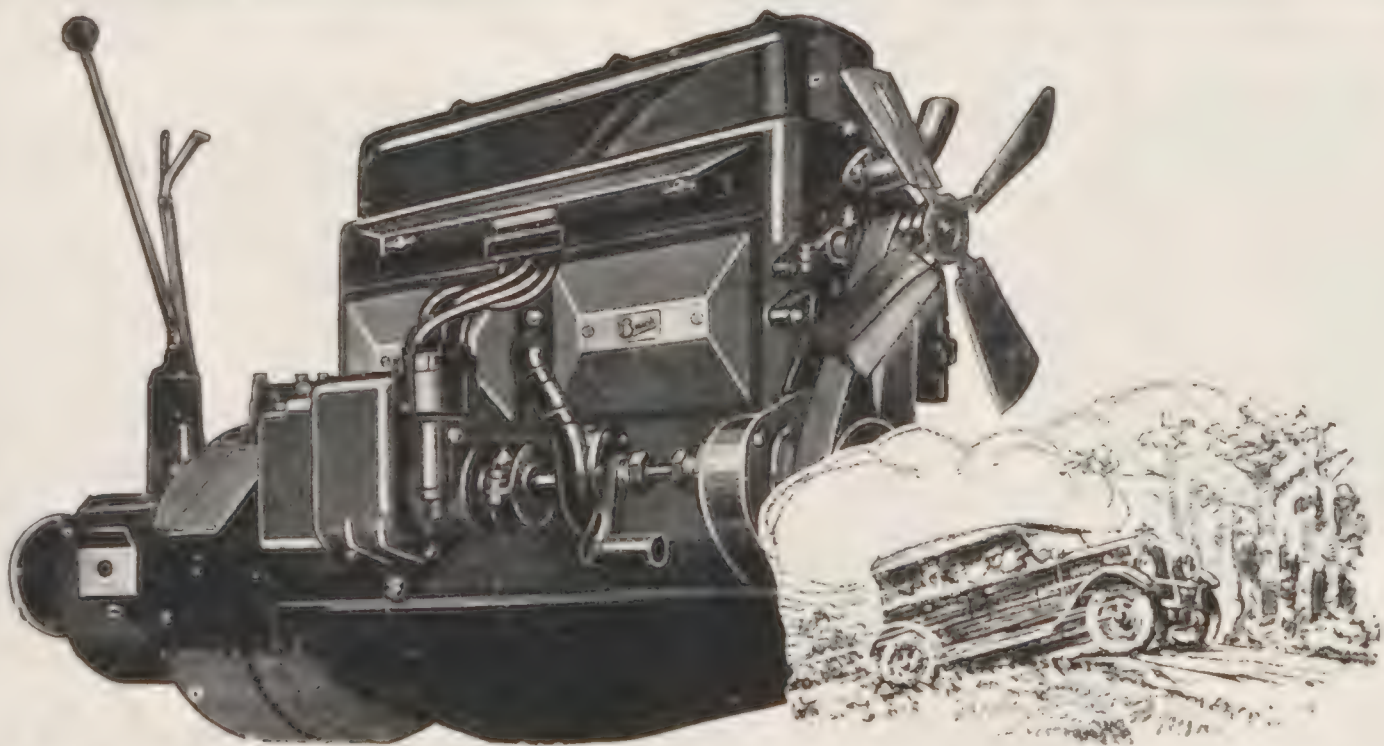
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July, 1925

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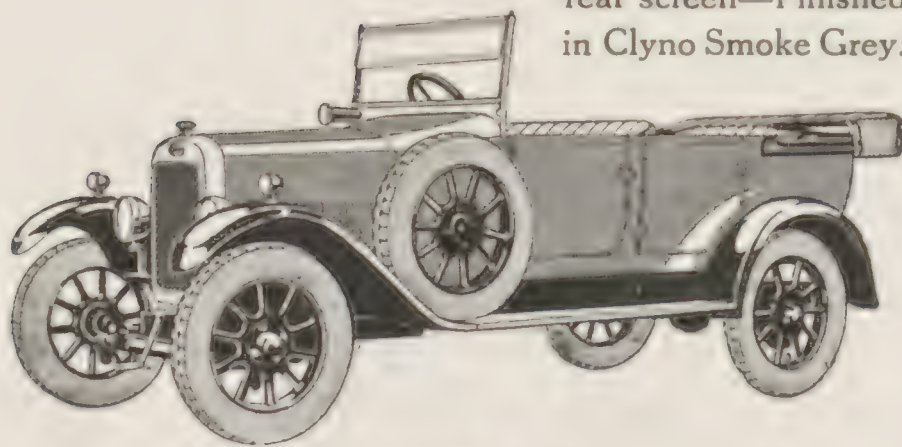
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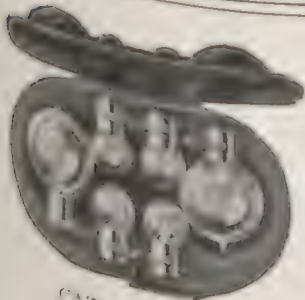


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for 6 or 12 volt equipments.

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2580 ..	12 ..	66 ..	26 8 6	
2588 ..	12 ..	44 ..	5 10 0	
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Cat. No. 2605. Special 6-volt. Starter Battery for American Cars. Dimensions—Length 9½ in. × Width 7½ in. × Height 9½ in. Price £3 10 0

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A New Model

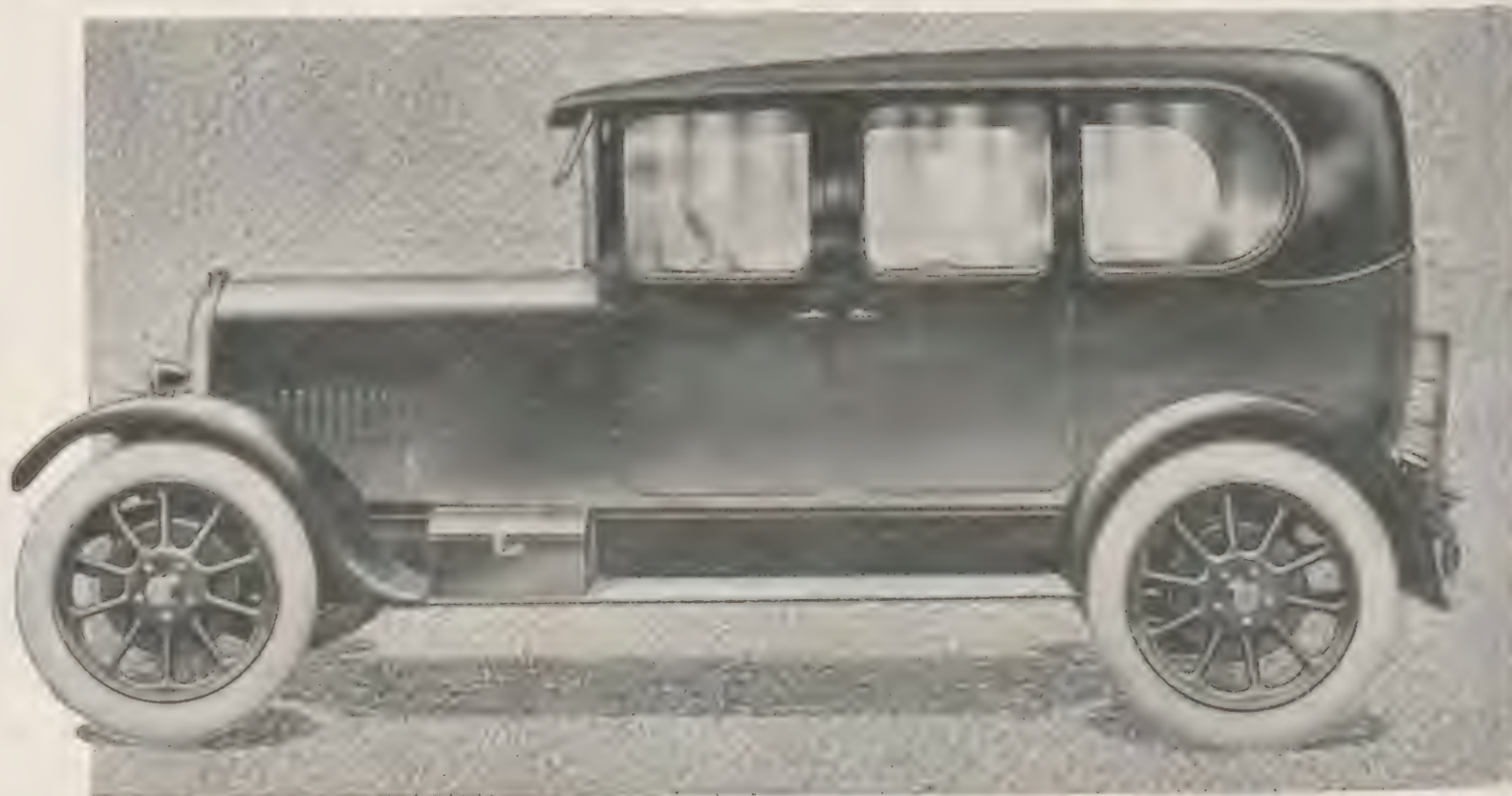
This model of the popular "Wilson" Hydraulic Shock Absorber is frictionless, silent in operation, and capable of resistance many times greater than any Shock Absorber not of the hydraulic type. It is powerful and absolutely effective in the prevention of axle rebound, pitching, side sway, and all evils due to unchecked springing. "Wilson" Shock Absorbers are supplied equipped for connection to the axles by means of rust-proof chains, or by link rods with ball and socket joints, the necessary fittings for the front axle being included. The ball joints are absolutely proof against rattle.

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THE MOTOR OWNER

Managing Editor :

EDGAR de NORMANVILLE



JULY · 1925

VOL. VII · NO. 74

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The Editorial and Publishing Offices are at 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

Annual Subscription, payable in advance and postage free :

Great Britain and Canada 15s. Abroad 20s.

Subscriptions should be directed to the Publisher at the above address.

The Editor will be pleased to consider contributions of special interest to the car owner, provided they are of high quality and in every way suitable to the magazine. Short illustrated articles are preferred, dealing with any aspect of private motoring, either as regards touring or the home management of the car. First-class snapshots of roadside scenes or incidents are particularly desired. All photographs and sketches should be fully titled on the backs and bear the name and address of the sender.

Contributions should be addressed to the Editor of "The Motor Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, W.C.2, and should be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope. While every effort will be made to return them if unsuitable, the Editor cannot hold himself responsible in case of loss or damage.

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Telephone : GERRARD 2377 (3 lines). Telegrams : "PERIPUBCO, RAND, LONDON"



The new 12 h.p. Vulcan and the magnificent Forth Bridge have much in common. Built for reliability and strength, both represent very praiseworthy achievements of the British engineer.



SEEN THROUGH THE SCREEN

FOUR hundred first-year men at Cambridge who were prospective car-owners are bemoaning the verdict of the Council of the Senate.

The august assembly have decided that freshers shall not be permitted to have the proctorial licence which must be obtained before they can drive cars whilst at the University. The original proposition embraced total prohibition for all undergraduates, but the Council, very wisely, declined to agree to this wholesale slaughter of the innocents.

The trouble appears to have arisen through indiscreet driving. Without in any way being desirous of interfering between young Cambridge and properly constituted authority, it may be permissible to point out that discipline in this particular aspect might have been safely taken out of proctorial hands and left to the police.

To the bright young spirit who writes from Trinity, signing his letter, "Constant Reader of THE MOTOR OWNER from Birth," and urging us to open our columns to a discussion on "Should Undergraduates be Permitted to Have Scooters?" our answer is, "Tut, tut!"

Imported Cars.

The air is full of talk—facts and figures—in regard to the question of imported cars. So far as the political aspect of the problem is concerned, THE MOTOR OWNER has no politics; it deals only in facts on such matters, and leave argument aside. But when one compares statistics as between the present time and the same period last year, one does not truly adhere to the admitted obvious qualifications are admitted. In March and April last year, for example, the importation of cars was at an absolute minimum owing to the impending withdrawal of the McKenna duties. It follows that any comparison between that period and the same period this year must be misleading. Last year, out of

a total sale of probably 110,000 cars, approximately 20,000 were imported.

Matchless, but Not Unmatched.

A motorist has been fined £5 for examining the condition of his petrol tank with a lighted match.

Of all the crass, idiotic—no; polite prose is inadequate.

Forward the office troubadour:—

Some things that people do I call
Just silly more or less,
But those who do them mostly call
It absent-mindedness.
I've seen a motoring fellow pour
The oil can in his beer,
I've seen him hunt his goggles when
They hung behind his ear.
I've known one lock his garage up
And leave the car outside,
I've heard men tell the p'lice trap that
Speed limits they defied.
But here's an absent-minded chap
Who really beats the bank,
The man who lights a match to seek
For petrol in his tank!

I know an absent-minded youth
Who drove his brand-new car
To get his driver's licence, and
He got a nasty jar,
For when they asked him whether he'd
Come in his car, forsooth,
He told them that he had done so,
In fact, he told the truth.
The story would be sad if it
Were not so very thrilling,
For tritely spoke the magistrate,
"I fine you forty shilling.
I do opine, O foolish youth,
That you may now take rank
With him who takes a match to seek
For petrol in his tank!"

Safety First.

Sir William Joynson-Hicks has sent an open letter to the Press in his capacity as President of the National "Safety First" Association.

With the subject matter of this communication THE MOTOR OWNER is in cordial agreement. Sir William, quite apart from his high Governmental and presidential position, has,

of course, great practical motoring experience; and certainly there is no one whose views on the subject are entitled to more respect.

We should like to give the letter *in extenso*, but as the ground has been covered in a recent issue of this journal we must content ourselves with extracts illustrating the more salient points to which Sir William draws attention.

Advice to Motorists.

"Let every road user ensure that no neglect of his or her individual responsibility shall jeopardise safety and good fellowship on the road. Selfishness and hurry lie at the root of all avoidable accidents. To save an infinitesimal space of time, one thoughtless action may involve an accident and a lifetime's regret. . . .

"To motor drivers one and all I say: Remember that the speed and weight of your vehicle places on your shoulders the greatest responsibility on the road.

"The courteous and careful motorist will avoid cutting in or taking corners on the wrong side; overtaking at bends or anywhere without a clear view and ample space; will avoid crossings or turning into or out of any road other than dead slow till the road is seen to be clear; and will give in ample time, and, moreover, will act on, the recognised traffic signals."

Advice to Pedestrians.

Sir William, with his usual scrupulous love of justice, also deals with the vagaries of the man who tramps it. He writes:—

"To the pedestrian I would say that we are all pedestrians at one time or another. Let us use the footway whenever one is provided; but, above all, let us cultivate the habit of always looking both ways before crossing the road, and particularly when passing in front of, or behind, standing or slow-

moving vehicles. It is always easy to blame the other fellow, but it is poor consolation after the accident has happened. . . .

"We cannot all afford time and money to further the work of the "Safety First" Association, in its campaign against all forms of avoidable accidents; but we can, every one of us, at least do our share towards helping to diminish accidents by putting into operation the codes of this Association."

Here be wise rules and sterling advice which every wayfarer should engrave in letters of gold on the tablets of memory.

War in the Air.

We are seriously perturbed by this outbreak of hostilities between the feathered world and motorists.

Last month we referred in ragged, rugged rhyme to an engagement between two swans and a car owner; now, hard upon this sanguinary encounter, there comes news that a flock of thirty geese have attacked on the South Coast Front.

Our war correspondent hazards an opinion that the pugnacious birds were fired to activity by the noise of the engine. Our own opinion is that they designed to cook the goose of the driver. In other words, they had visions of a camp fire and a plump, sizzling motorist garnished with sage, onion and apple sauce.

The office poet is triumphant.

"Didn't I advise them to take their guns?" he demands. "I knew it was War. Believe me, a great poet can peer into the womb of time and see things denied to the common herd!"

He begs to be allowed to write a war-song to be intoned by motorists as they drive their chariots into battle.

However, the first line, which runs, "We fear no foe in downy armour," strikes us as being unduly provocative. So he is switched off to another matter less likely to offend the susceptibilities of the League of Nations.

British Cars in Germany.

Tariffs, as they affect motor car manufacturers, are very much in the July air. This is apparent not only at home but on the Continent. For in-

stance, the German schedule is likely to act as a set-off against our own decisions, more especially as it affects light cars. In fact, British makers are likely to lose on the German swings a certain proportion of what they hope to make on the French-Italian-American roundabouts.

The sale of the larger British cars is already seriously hampered by the regulation which only permits four cars of any particular make to be imported into Germany during each month. But there was a good demand for small British cars. The new tariff, however, aims to exclude almost entirely these cars.

As the manufacturing conditions stand at present in Germany, this policy seems to savour of a dog-in-the-manger attitude, because they cannot satisfy their own markets. But doubtless Teutonic enterprise will take early steps to ensure that its home supply keeps pace with demand.

As a sidelight upon the varying psychology of nations it is interesting to note that the German dealers, as opposed to the manufacturers, are by no means in favour of the new tariff. They maintain that its application will increase unemployment, because the duties will maintain high prices, thus decreasing the demand for cars and spare parts.

To Dim or Not to Dim.

The Automobile Association is to be congratulated upon the action it has

taken in prosecuting the driver of a taxi cab who wanted to make his own rules of the road.

The disgruntled jehu took exception to the fact that a lady member of the Association had not dimmed her lights when approaching his vehicle. The form his protest took was to cross over to his wrong side, deliberately risking a bad accident.

Fortunately, the lady driver was able to pull up within two feet of him, to be greeted with, "Dim those lights. If you do, you won't have to stop again."

The magistrates who heard the case very rightly convicted the man for dangerous driving and fined him £5.

The authorities would do well advised to give attention to the Portsmouth and Bath roads. These cross-tactics are frequently practised by drivers of lorries who want to air their fancied wrongs.

Still They Come.

The increase of private motor cars in this country is most gratifying, and furnishes cause for national pride. The total is now over 460,000, an increase of close on 80,000 in the numbers of last year.

Our American cousins have also cause for congratulation. The figures for April of this year just to hand denote that 391,301 passenger cars were manufactured, which is the highest total for any month this year. The number for last year was 346,405.

The number of commercial motor vehicles manufactured in both countries also shows a substantial increase.

Heard on the Road.

We were driving through the country, revelling in the beauty of the landscape, when a raucous voice interrupted our meditation. It came from a chimney of way-side information in a preceding county.

"Ladies and gentlemen," it announced, "are now passing one of the oldest inns in the county."

There was a pause and a general exchange of necks to see this interesting home of liquid refreshment. Then a query issued from a thirsty-looking individual. "Why?" "Because," there was a strain of complaint in his voice.



WITH THE PRINCE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The photograph shows H.R.H. The Prince of Wales (in rear of leading car) with the six Crossleys which are being used for the Royal Tour in South Africa. The cars are passing along Darling Street, Cape Town, after visiting the City Hall, where H.R.H. was invested Chancellor of the University.

THE ORIGIN OF THE RULE OF THE ROAD



DRIVING HINTS FROM EXPERTS

No. 2.—By E. C. GORDON ENGLAND

"I am a great believer in starting slowly but finishing well as a general rule in everything one undertakes, and particularly in the matter of learning to drive a car."

SO many people are over-anxious to accomplish something that they take risks and make mistakes that actually retard their ultimate progress.

The average beginner would, I am sure, make more real progress if in the first instance he (or she) were to buy a book and study the theory of the management of a car, and, having satisfied himself that he thoroughly understood what, in theory, is required of him, got a kind friend to pilot him to a lonely road and there leave him entirely to his own devices. At the end of an hour or two he would find himself quite a respectable driver and by no means a danger to his fellow men.

This idea I have applied to myself whenever learning some new thing. I did it in the case of my first car. Again, I taught myself to fly one morning before breakfast in the same way, and when I bought a 5-ton sailing yacht I tried out the same theory with complete success.

My method is to tackle one particular operation at a time and to repeat that operation time after time until I feel that it is becoming automatic, and then try the next, and so on.

The bugbear of gear changing is one that can be mastered without ever running the car on the road, by jacking both back wheels off the ground, and, when this is safely done, taking up the floor boards and the lid off the gear box, if it is one of those to which this can be done. Then watch what happens as you use the clutch and gear lever with the engine running, and if you have followed my advice and made yourself thoroughly acquainted with the theory, it will not be long before you have acquired the practice of good gear changing.

By the by, if you put the brake on lightly before you let in the clutch, you can learn the proper way of letting it in, so that you do not feel too utterly ridiculous when on the road through the awful convulsions of your car as you start off.

When you get on the road do go slow, and don't mind what people think. Make it your rule not to go any faster than a speed at which you are always sure you have time to stop whatever happens or which gives you ample time to do the next thing, whatever it is.



Mr. E. C. Gordon England, of Brooklands fame, gives some excellent advice and describes a few of his own successful methods and the best way to acquire them.

Learn to exercise judgment—one of the most important points in your equipment as a driver—and if you start by trying to do time everything that you do not have to use your brakes at all in your traffic driving, and when stopping and coming up to sharp corners, you will very rapidly acquire good judgment and be a joy to yourself and other road users.

Be sure you understand the accepted road signals and use them yourself. But, don't do as so many beginners do—signal one thing and do practically the opposite.

Don't drive on your horn, as so many beginners do. Remember that the horn does not assist to steer the car or apply the brakes; and it is far better to apply your attention, when taking a dangerous corner, to seeing you are well on your side of the road and that you are travelling at a speed safe under the circumstances, than to trust to vigorous horn blowing to see you safely through.

In conclusion, here is a tip that may be of use to the very few for whom the emergency may arise. If your brakes

fail on a long steep hill, or appear to be failing, at once race the engine fast enough to engage your lowest speed and then switch off the engine and open the throttle wide.

One must be quick about it, but it can be done quite easily if the speed of the car has not got above 20 m.p.h.

Even better results will be obtained, having got the car in bottom gear, the clutch is used to let the engine stop by disengaging it and engaging it again time after time.

In spite of my suggestions, I feel that most people will still prefer the bad old method of an instructor, who will tell them what to do, and they will do it, not knowing why they do it, and so add to the number of indifferent drivers we meet on the roads to-day.

But it cannot be too strongly emphasised that knowledge of what happens and should happen is a material aid to achievement. As I have explained in regard to gear changing—so with every other phase of car driving. Let us take another example.

If we are driving on a greasy road and have to apply the brakes suddenly (unless they are of the four-wheel variety and accurately adjusted, we know that the rear of the car is liable to skid. We also know that it usually skids to the left. To correct this the instructor tells us to turn the steering wheels towards the left and gently "dab" the brake.

But that manoeuvre can be done much more accurately when the driver knows the reason for the sequence of events. The angle of the steering wheels creates a leverage that throws the car back into line. The driver who knows such things always gets the neater and better result.

AN ESSAY ON "POPULAR" JOURNALISM

By CAPTAIN P. A. BARRON

*As "Punch" once said of a certain novel,
"for those who like this sort of thing, this
is exactly the sort of thing they will like."*

THE most pleasing features of popular journalism are the daily, weekly, or monthly notes, and comments signed by persons who do not exist.

In each journal the *nom de plume* selected is supposed to represent a writer of superhuman knowledge. In one paragraph he gives us the latest *bon mot* of Prince Ping of Pongoland, in the next he tells us how he has just returned from a trial flight in a new helicopter car which can climb mountains of one in nothing. In a third he discusses a new wireless invention, in a fourth he reveals the plot of the forthcoming sex drama entitled "Maidens' Blushes," and crabs the playwright's chance of a brilliant success by informing theatre-goers that the play will not be so bad as they hoped.

The effect of all this information emanating, apparently, from one inspired writer, is overwhelming. His intimate knowledge of so many subjects appears almost superhuman to those readers who do not realise that the *nom de plume* represents, not one person, but many.

One writes the pars about the Peerage and other fauna found among the uppish thousand; another deals airily of aerobatics, a third supplies the motor mews, and a fourth broadcasts wireless wisdom.

So, you see, it isn't wonderful really. This is an age of specialists and the old-fashioned journalist who was aptly described as "a person who could conceal his ignorance of any subject" has passed away.

Brooding on these matters, it occurred to me the other day that all motorists' publications have as yet come into line with the popular press. Why shouldn't we, for instance, have a page of really snappy gossip with some such title as "Through the Driving Mirror," and written by many experts

banded together by some such pseudonym as "Dazzle-Light"?

I suggested the feature to the Editor and he was enraptured with the novelty and brilliance of the idea, and decreed that it should be carried into effect forthwith. The necessary space was apportioned, and it was agreed that there should appear gossip of the snappiest about motoring society, new inventions, wireless notes for motorists, fashions seen at Brooklands, Nature Notes for tourists, Motoring Finance,—on everything, in fact, from astronomy to gastronomy, each item to be supplied by the foremost expert in his or her particular subject.

The only trouble was that the Editor forgot to engage the experts, so this first effort may not be quite up to the standard that will be reached later. However, it is packed with startling facts, and I recommend it unhesitatingly to those who wish for reliable misinformation.

As *Punch* once said of a certain novel, "for those who like this sort of thing, this is exactly the sort of thing they will like."

So here goes:—

THROUGH THE DRIVING MIRROR.

Pertinent Pars on Motoring Men and Matters.

By Dazzle-Light.

A Motorist in the Smart Set.

Yesterday morning in the fashionable quarter of Bermondsey whom should I meet but my old friend Lady Crockley, the beautiful wife of Lord Crockley, of Shingleshire (pronounced Shaggley)? It will be remembered that Lord Crockley was one of the few great motor engineers who did not claim to have invented the Tanks during the war, and was deservedly ennobled for it. Lady Crockley will be remembered as the dainty Daisy Dimple whose sprightly rendering of "Cuddling Cora" delighted thousands about twenty years ago. What lover of refined musical comedy before the days of revue will ever forget that lilting chorus:

"Charlie cuddles Cora

And Cora cuddles Charles"?

The words are still fresh in my memory, though I have forgotten most of them, but not the arch vivacity of the piquant singer.

Lady Crockley bears her blushing honours becomingly. My lady readers will be interested to know that her Ladyship, who drives her own Crockley car, from which her noble husband took his title, has devised a charming motoring costume. It may be described as a gabardine cut so simply that it would resemble the garbage of a monk were it not for the trimming of almost priceless Vermin and Manx.

Nature Notes for Motorists.

Every touring motorist is a lover of gentle Nature. Now is the time when, as we speed along the highways, we may hear the soft cooing of the skylark and at eventide the hoot of the nightingale. These are



Among the many places H.R.H. the Prince of Wales has visited during his tour in Africa is the Gold Coast Colony, and he is here seen in the 21 h.p. 6-cylinder Lanchester Touring Car, supplied for his personal use to the Gold Coast Government. It is a standard Lanchester four-seater, painted blue, and equipped with Lanchester patent four-wheel brakes.

the long summer days in which the cuckoo crows merrily as he gathers the eggs of other birds and lays them gently in his soft nest in some emblossomed bower.

Yesterday morning, as I was pumping up one of my balloonettes in the glorious July sunshine, I heard a mocking bird mocking from his cool retreat amidst the emerald umbrage. Ah! Lucky, lucky mocking bird, I thought, as I looked for a small rock with which to dislodge him, for, like all true nature lovers, I confess that I sometimes wish to add a rare specimen to my collection.

The gagwort and the beetlepunk now rival the flaming glory of the epidermadestria, and each refreshing rain-storm in July extracts the perfume of the blue effluvium.

Anglers should note that trout and other finny members of the pike species now rise steadily to the ringworm grub.

Amateur gardeners are reminded that now is the time to pot the lettuces and to thin out the mustard and cress. Marrows should not be dug till next month and should be banked with light loam to protect them from the marrow freezing nights which so often nip these tubers in July.

Keep the jackdaws from the gooseberry beds and prune the cucumber bushes and other herbaceous cereals.

Motor Shares in the City.

Near Throgmorton Street yesterday at about 11.30 I happened to meet that famous broker, Mr. Moses Oofstein who, like myself, had left his office for a few minutes to seek a ray of sunshine in the grim city.

He told me that the sharp rise in the Deferred Contango of the great Detonating Tyre Combine has stiffened the Bears, who have been Bulling the market by discounting the forward price. Rumours of a preferential overdraft having been negotiated by the holders of the deferred script have considerably augmented the discounts on the Combine's debenture deficit which now stands firm at 1/35 for spot.

Japanese yens, he told me, are again easier, but sterling is still shy.

I did not take advantage of these tips myself, but pass them on for the benefit of readers who do not know Mr. Oofstein.

"COURTESY GENERATES SAFETY."

In his paper read at the annual meeting of the National Safety First Association, Capt. J. W. Moore, the Chief Constable of Huddersfield, said (*inter alia*), "An article in 'The Motor Owner' contained an excellent phrase: 'Courtesy Generates Safety.' This phrase should be broadcast all over the land."

A Motorist's Hint for Wireless Fans.

Yesterday morning, while I was grinding in the valves of my wireless set, an old motoring friend blew in and asked me if I knew the best method of recharging batteries from a magneto. I was, of course, able to inform him, and it occurred to me later that the hint may be useful to others.

The best method is to remove the magneto from the car and dismantle it. Somewhere inside will be found a thing called the "armature." It can be recognised by its shape, which cannot be seen, however, until some miles of wire which hold the thing together have been unwound, when it looks quite different. It is rather like a cocoon, though I have never seen a cocoon in the wild state, but feel sure it must look like an armature. The wire cannot be seen because it is covered with some special material and has layers of other stuff which laminate the insulation. Before beginning to unwind the wire it is advisable to boil the armature for a few hours with soda, which softens the armour from which the thing takes its name. The wire can then be

removed and cut into suitable lengths which may be used to connect the batteries with the domestic electric light supply. If the current is alternating, or occulting, the system will not work, and the batteries must be sent to a charging station properly equipped with thermharmonic antennae.

The remaining parts of the magneto need not be wasted, as the magnets make instructive playthings for young boys who in these days should learn scientific principles early.

I Fly in a Chummy Mono.

Yesterday morning I was far away from the noise and dust of London. In fact soon after dawn I was above the clouds with my old friend Squawk. Leader Craskleigh, the aviator who as the Brooklands racing motorist went over the banking three times in one season and then acquired his taste for flight.

"Dear old Crasky," as we call him, has invented a little Chummy mono for week-end use. It is a fascinating little 'bus, with folding wings and underslung fuselage equipped with spare ailerons neatly housed behind the camber of the joy stick.

With folded wings we taxied along the new Western Road at a steady eighty till, seeing a policeman, whom we recognised by his plain clothes, we unfolded our pinions, found a suitable tee and landed at Fécamp in one.

Here we had an early breakfast, as they were open (oh, land of liberty!) and made a short approach to St. Malo where we breakfasted lightly again before making quite a short putt to Ville-Something for another.

It was now nearly time for déjeuner, so, pausing only for a moment, we apérative at (Chateau) sur-Somewhere, where we "kicked off" again, in sporting parlance, and played a fast rally till we scored a goal at Eglise-de-Whatsisnom in the very heart of the Champagne country. We had a glorious luncheon with an omelette between the courses, and then embarked on some provisions which we lagged carefully with cotton waste as a precaution against being age in the event of a sudden landing, we made a slight ascent. I glanced many times at the altimeter and felt the elation only known to those who have experienced the joys of elevation.

This feature will not be continued. — Editor



Miss Dorrie Sawyer, who has made a huge success as "Tondeleyo," in "White Cargo," at the Fortune Theatre, about to enter her Jewett Saloon.

THE IMPORTANCE OF AIR FILTERING

By CAPTAIN E. DE NORMANVILLE

In this article the author points out the wonderful saving in engine wear and tear which ensues when air filters are fitted to the carburettor

THE subject I am going to deal with this month is dirt. And mark you, I am going to be deuced unpleasant about it, undeterred by the popular, not to say, philosophical, belief which suggests that we have all got to eat a peck of it before we depart this life.

This by the way, because the discussion has nothing to do with human internal arrangements, but with those of a motor-car.

Yet, on second thoughts, perhaps the two subjects are not so widely separated, seeing that the present one deals with an apparatus for filtering the air before it reaches the engine, thus performing a similar function to the breathing apparatus of humanity.

You may have noticed that in a few cases car designers are fitting these air-filters, and you will gather from an earlier paragraph that I am inclined to the opinion that air purifying apparatus should, and moreover will, before long, be quite a common fitment.

Let us examine the question, abstracting, so far as possible, from technical language.

It is common knowledge that if two parts of an engine—say the pistons and cylinders—are subjected to frictional contact, the surfaces will become

But, perhaps, it is not so generally known that the hardness of the metal has no means an infallible test of wearing capabilities. For instance, a soft phosphor bronze will sometimes make an impression on the hardest steel.

Another common point which we learn from experience is that the wear is not even all over. When it becomes necessary to install new pistons, we do not find the old ones evenly worn, on the contrary, they are scored. This same phenomenon is observable when worn cylinder walls are examined.

There is another scientific fact which we must consider. The definite result of subjecting a set of cylinders to red heat for a time and then allowing them to cool off, is that the pistons expand. Not only this so, but they remain a trifle larger after the cooling process.

Now under ordinary running conditions, the pistons as we all know, are subjected to great heat; al-

though, of course, it is less intense than that which we describe as "red." On the other hand, this running heat is applied for a longer period. And it is an ascertained fact that the pistons of an engine which has been "run in" do "grow" to some extent.

In considering the two factors dealt with, it will be obvious that our aim should be to play them off one against the other. That is to say, we should abolish the "scoring," and so arrange matters that the "growth" of the pistons under engine heat will balance the wear due to frictional contact.

Is that a mechanical ideal which it is possible to attain? I am inclined to think it is; and if so, wonderful possibilities arise for reducing the wear of valves, pistons, and other engine parts.

This brings us back to the subject of dirt. It is the sharp particles of dust drawn in with the air which score the piston and cylinders and pit the valve faces.

They are also responsible with other impurities for much of the carbon deposit which forms on the piston tops and combustion chamber walls.

These enemies must be routed at the outworks. Once they get into the

citadel it is hopeless. And the engine of war to employ is a filter, which will snatch them from the air before it enters the carburettor.

Laboratory tests have proved that the carbon deposit which admittedly still forms in a minor degree when purified air is used, is more easily removed than the ordinary variety. It causes less "pinking" and takes longer to settle.

Two tests made recently are of great value in connection with this matter.

Two identical engines were run at 2,000 revolutions per minute for 48 hours on end surrounded by a cloud of dust and grit. One was fitted with an air purifying apparatus, whilst the other had no aid to induce cleanliness.

At the end of the test the engine which had been supplied with purified air showed no signs of wear; the other was definitely the worse for the experience.

It is claimed that the conditions under which the test was carried out represented those which would be experienced in something like 10,000 miles of ordinary service.

A further test was to send out six cars—three with, and three without air filters—on a road tour of several thousand miles. The result was a triumph for the cars using clarified air for the carburettors, that is to say the engines of these cars showed a valuable reduction of wear in comparison with the others.

It is quite possible that some readers may be disposed to the belief that these statements are of more value as interesting facts than as of direct bearing on utility development for the ordinary car. I do not share any such belief.

So, to sum up, we see that after all automobile designers are going to Mother Nature for their inspiration. Indeed, engineers have more than once been inspired by the working of the human mechanism. Is not the principle of the pump identical with the working of the heart?

And the new lesson which one derives from our own marvellously designed bodies, may be expressed succinctly by a new motoring adage which shall read thus—Let both driver and carburettor breathe through the nose!



"I think I'll have to get that brake properly adjusted. It doesn't seem to work in the way it should!"

PEOPLE AND THEIR CARS

A Motoring Medley in Pictures



1



3

1.—There are many picturesque corners in Surrey, and that here illustrated—the old White Hart Inn, Witley—forms a delightful background to the new Lanchester saloon.

2.—Lovers of Gray will soon recognise the scene here depicted—Stoke Poges church and lych gate. The surrounding beautiful countryside appeals to old and young alike, as witness the happy party in the Essex touring car.

3.—Whatever the season, Burnham Beeches ever possesses an air of peacefulness; “a restful change from the City roar,” exclaimed Madame Motorist as she alighted from her Lagonda saloon.

4.—This fair owner of a Palladium Victory model believes in making an early start, despite the morning mist. She has learnt the advantage of getting out and away before the crush.

5.—A happy owner of the new 13.9 h.p. Overland touring the Thames Valley. The picture was taken at the river's supposed source: Seven Springs, near Cheltenham.

6.—“Teddington Hands,” the famous old sign-post near Tewkesbury, which is periodically inspected and renovated by a private family—the Attwoods. The car is a touring model Bianchi.



5



WHO'S AWAY A-WHEEL

Picturing the Picturesque



7.—In the words of this Standard saloon owner, "The old lock-up at Shenley, near St. Albans, makes a delightful objective for a short evening run."

8.—Even though the Lanchester car can develop unusually high powers, it can also run like a lamb, and our picture illustrates a really happy example.

9.—This fine column was erected to the memory of Francis, third Duke of Bridgewater, and stands all magnificent in Ashridge Park, the seat of Lord Brownlow. The new 20 h.p. Rolls-Royce car is seen at the foot of the column.

10.—A delightful picture of the new Royal model Clyno car, dealt with more fully on page 46 of this issue.

11.—This fine wistaria is one of the best in the country. It is to be found at Denham, near Uxbridge, and, as the owner of the Humber car exclaimed, "To see it is worth the journey from anywhere."

12.—Another interesting roadside feature is the old cross near Clifton Hampden, where also are some old and picturesque thatched cottages. The car is one of the new 10 h.p. Fiat saloons.



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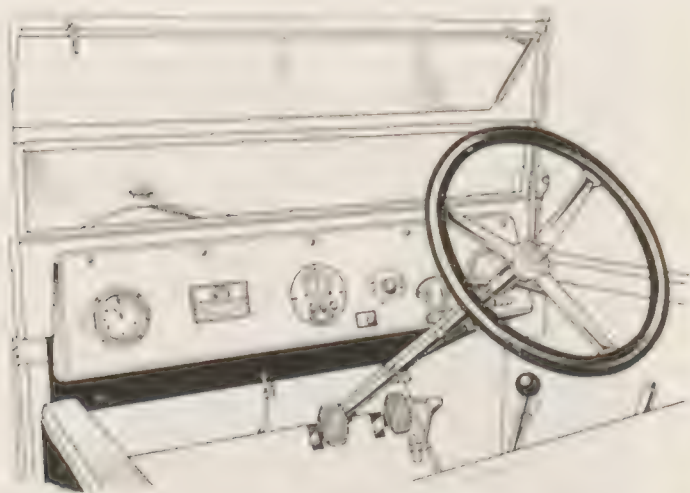
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THE 10 H.P. LEA-FRANCIS—A PLEASING LIGHT CAR

Giving many qualities usually associated only with the more costly vehicles, this delightful light car is a very pleasing proposition

THE purchaser of a modern light car is something of a hypocrite! A bold statement, we admit; but it is none the less true. For instance, is it not a fact that when the request for a car of light proportions is made, the purchaser's actual desires are really the opposite? Feignedly he asks for a low-priced light car, but expects the luxurious qualities of the costly product—beauty, finish and mechanical perfection. In other words, he anticipates ample seating capacity, powerful acceleration, and the highest degree of reliability; yet he expects these excellent features almost for next to nothing!

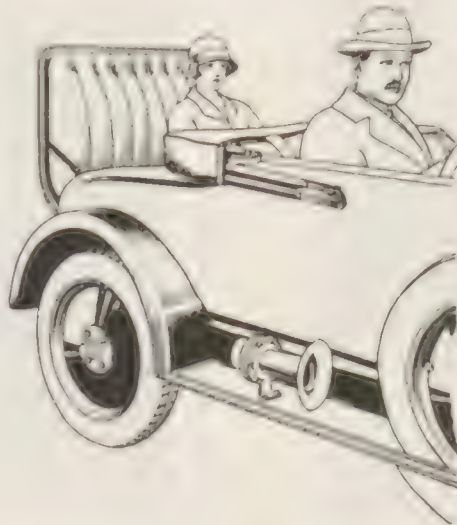


Depicting the neat and well-fitted instrument board, the wide and adjustable wind-screen, and the conveniently placed pedal controls. Brake and gear-change levers are "right hand," while ignition and throttle levers are mounted on the steering column.

That in itself gives cause for surprise, but the most amazing fact of all is this—the degree of perfection and value of the modern light car is so remarkably high that his somewhat exorbitant requirements are actually granted! And one such a "value for money" proposition is the 10 h.p. Lea-Francis.

Rated at 9.8 h.p., the 4-cylinder engine is a veritable wonder, giving more than ample power for all normal demands. The bore is 63 mm. and the stroke 100 mm., the cylinder head is detachable, engine lubrication is automatic, while efficient cooling is always obtained.

During the time we had this model in our hands it was subjected to every conceivable test appertaining to normal and abnormal touring conditions. And behind the word "abnormal" there is



Unlike that of most light 2 1/4 seater models, the dickey seat on the Lea-Francis is of spacious proportions and extremely comfortable. Note the electric horn mounted on the off-side running board; it is a standard fitting.

a series of practical examinations, under which many cars in the 10 h.p. class would surely squeal. The 10 h.p. Lea-Francis, however, withstood them boldly, finally claiming our high respect as being a thoroughly good and reliable vehicle.

A search for speed was quickly rewarded; a demand for power was answered immediately; a test for brake efficiency proved satisfactory, and in the matter of fuel consumption a very pleasing figure was recorded.

As the illustrations depict, the lines of the body are of generous proportions. It is a simple matter to accommodate two passengers in the dickey seat, and

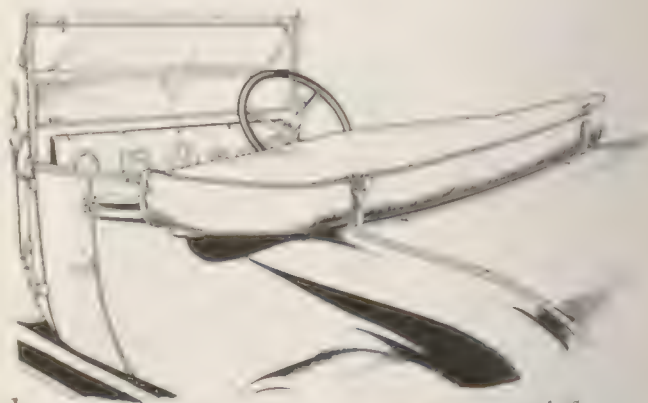


The lines of the Lea-Francis, as our sketch illustrates, are very attractive. There is a soundly constructed hood and an efficient all-weather side curtain equipment, while easy access to the seats is always possible.

comfortably so at that; while in an emergency, the wide major seating arrangement would permit "three up" without any great degree of discomfort.

Chassis suspension is pleasing, steering light and reliable, while gear changing also is easy, with an excellent "top gear" performance. The open model can be transformed into a snug coupé—look at the lower picture giving full protection against the most inclement weather conditions at a minute's notice.

The body is framed up in best seasoned English Ash, reinforced by forged steel plates with panelling and wings of steel. The door is fitted with



Neatness is an outstanding feature in the design of the Lea-Francis car. Note the excellent hood cover and the generous width of the body. The upholstery—well-sprung and nicely finished—is another very pleasing item.

a double-action grip-slam-lock. All cushions are framed with spiral springs, best buffed antique leather being used for the final covering.

Side curtains are made to open with the door, while, when these are not required, they can be carried in a special cupboard in the dickey seat compartment.

With a choice of colours—crimson, saxe blue or mole grey—the best quality coach painting is employed throughout, the finish of which is a pronounced good feature.

In a few words, the 10 h.p. Lea-Francis is a happy light car; "happy" because it seems to play with most demands, and "happy" because that is the feeling it gives to the owner, on account of its all-round excellent performance.



Easy and light to handle, efficient and reliable in running, the 10 h.p. Lea Francis is a delightful "go-anywhere" car. Our picture shows two happy owners—well off the beaten track—watching for trout in the River Chess.

IS THIS ENGLAND'S PRETTIEST VILLAGE?

*Almost every county claims one of its villages as "England's prettiest."
But Iwerne Minster, near Shaftesbury, with its picturesqueness of an
exclusive variety, certainly holds a good claim to such a title*

ENTERING Iwerne Minster from the direction of Shaftesbury, through a long shady avenue, a notice reminds one to drive slowly through the village. Quite unnecessary this, for he would be a hardened speed merchant indeed who could do otherwise than crawl through this delightful district.

The village bears the impress of being well looked after; the cottages are all pretty, with well-kept flower gardens; and even if modern red-tiled roofs are as frequently to be seen as thatched ones, they do not strike one as being out of place in this charming village.

The war memorial occupies a very imposing position at the cross roads, on a large turfed triangular patch and mutely asks "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?"

The shops hang out their signs as in Elizabeth's days, and these certainly lend a picturesque quaintness to the houses they adorn.

Thus, the farrier hangs out a wrought-iron bracket with the insignia of his trade; the saddler—a horse's head; the barber—an illustrated sign picturing his tools, the grocer—a sheaf of corn; and last (but certainly not least) the bank shows its own,



The village hall is a fine specimen of half-timbered construction. It accommodates almost every branch of learning and recreation.

but it is not that of the Lombards.

The village crier with his bell would certainly not surprise one, and he seems to be the only mediæval link that is absent.

The village inn has a finely painted dog's head for a sign, and here one learns (if one did not already know it) that a Talbot in heraldry is a hound, for this is the Talbot hotel.

The village pump is roofed in, so that uninteresting office of water drawer is made more pleasant either on hot sunny days such as we hope for, or on rainy ones. Adjacent is a little stone arbour graced with a figure of Mercury of the winged heels grasping the lightning with both hands, and inside this arbour are pinned up the daily papers, so that those who wander abroad may read Anything of local interest is specially marked, and discussions at the adjacent pump very naturally follow the perusal.

The church is a very fine cruciform building, interesting inside and out with a beautiful stone spire—one of the very few left. For the most part, the church is Early English in character and the Minster originally belonged to



The old pump in the centre of the village is quite a picturesque affair. It is roofed in and is in an excellent state of preservation.

The church is quite a rarity—one of the very few left with a beautiful stone spire. In it may be found a list of vicars dating back to 1320!



FOUR PRETTY CORNERS OF IWERNE MINSTER



Each tradesman hangs out an attractive sign, which gives an air of picturesque quaintness to the building it adorns. Thus, the Saddler (left) a horse's head and halter; and (right)



the Farrier a wrought iron bracket embodying his shoeing implements. The birdlike silhouette is not part of the metallic design, but is the outline of a starling which actually alighted as the photograph was taken.



Stanesbury Abbey and was erected by that great church builder, William of Wykeham. Inside is to be found a complete list of vicars since 1320! Facing the church stands the Village Hall, a fine half-timbered modern building which accommodates almost every branch of learning and recreation. In fact, it is a Polytechnic on a small scale.

There are reading rooms, a rifle range, a cinema, and a very fine main hall—a long room heavily timbered with oak beams which has a most convenient stage, while the floor would compare favourably with most. At the rear of the building are tennis courts, and a splendid bowling green, whereon meet the local "experts."

Iwerne Minster House, a modern

mansion in a large park, now belongs to J. H. Ismay, which name at once recalls the great Titanic disaster, since his brother was a survivor of that great catastrophe.

The village owes its comely appearance and prosperity to this gentleman; and it certainly has a very good right to the title it claims—"The prettiest village in England."



Who would imagine at the first glance that our picture (on left) is that of a bank? The very beauty of the building almost entices one to transact business. But there is no mistaking the calling of the

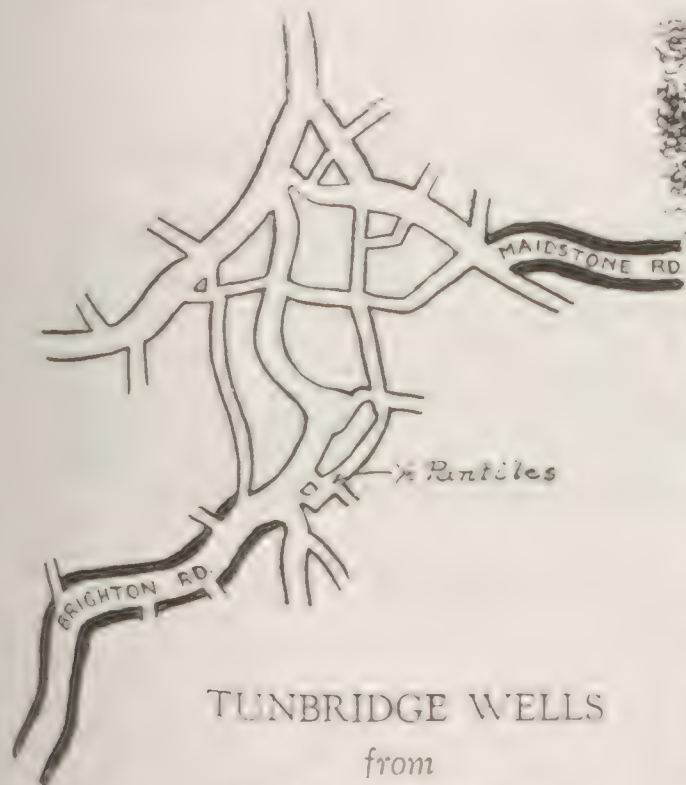


owner of the sign in this picture—on right. His curling tongs and the curls he can give you are plainly visible. Beside which there is the barber's popular striped emblem.



FROM A TOURIST'S SKETCHBOOK





TUNBRIDGE WELLS

from

London	35 miles
Birmingham	144 ..
Manchester	216 ..
Newcastle	309 ..
Bristol	149 ..
Southampton	90 ..



THE PANTILES TUNBRIDGE WELLS

The Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells constitute the original street of this once famous resort. In 1605 a certain Lord North derived great benefit from drinking the waters discovered on the common adjoining Tonbridge.

Shortly afterwards Queen Henrietta Maria gave her patronage to the well, which, as a result, enjoyed considerable fame, and the street of quaint houses known as the Pantiles grew up around it.

Whether you journey to Tunbridge Wells from London, 35 miles away, or from further afield, fill up with "BP," the British Petrol. For the excellence of "BP" ensures maximum power on hills, top gear running, and consequently minimum consumption.

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1925 18 H.P. 6-cyl. ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY Touring Car. Practically brand new. Tax paid for 1925...	£475	1923 24 60 H.P. SUNBEAM Landulette. Original cost £1,700. A bargain...	£750
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USED CARS

SEE BRITAIN FIRST

By CLIVE HOLLAND

Whilst no one will deny the fascination of foreign touring, it is unquestionable that the scenic charms of Britain fully merit the first attention of the motorist

MUCH has been written of the wonder of the chalk cliffs of the Kent and Sussex shores, "the bulwarks of England." They are undoubtedly unique and impressive whether seen from the sea or viewed from some outstanding height along them. Before one stretches the wide expanse of Channel seas, with, on clear days, the nearest points to France, a thin line of mist upon the far horizon. The interest of the view is enhanced by passing ships and its value to the looker increased by the purity and invigorating character of the air that comes in so deeply, like ice-cool draughts of one's favourite beverage on a hot summer's day. Beachy Head makes many claims for being the best headland in the South of Eng-

The nationally useful slogan "See Britain First," has been inaugurated by the Shell-Mex Company, and in pursuing that policy they now publish this artistic Supplement to "The Motor Owner."

land, with the summit 533 ft. above sea level, it has an impressive grandeur of its own, arising largely from its sheer descent and the mass effect it has upon the beholder. It has in past centuries been regarded as a strategic point; and off it, on June 30th, 1690, was fought a naval battle, bearing its name, between the English and the French.

The name, be it noted, has nothing to do with beach; it is a corruption of the words "Beau Chef." The lighthouse just off the base of the cliff took the place of the old Belle Tout light standing on the cliff to the west. Before the latter was erected in 1831 wrecks

were frequent. The great height of the light, however, proved a snare to seamen in times of rain and low clouds, because it became obscured, and the new one was built in 1902. At the foot of the cliff, reached by steps, is a cave known as Parson Darby's hole. It is variously stated to have been constructed in 1680 by the then rector of East Dean as a refuge for castaways; that it was built that he might get some peace from a scold of a wife; and that it is an old smugglers' cave, of which there were many in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries along the Sussex coast.

A fine road, known as the Duke's Drive, leads out to Beachy Head from Eastbourne, so that there is no excuse for the motorist to fail to see this great and unique headland, a sea panorama of wonderful beauty, and something of the famous Sussex South Down country.



Durham Cathedral, especially when seen from across the Wear, is impressive in the extreme.

SEE BRITAIN FIRST—ON SHELL



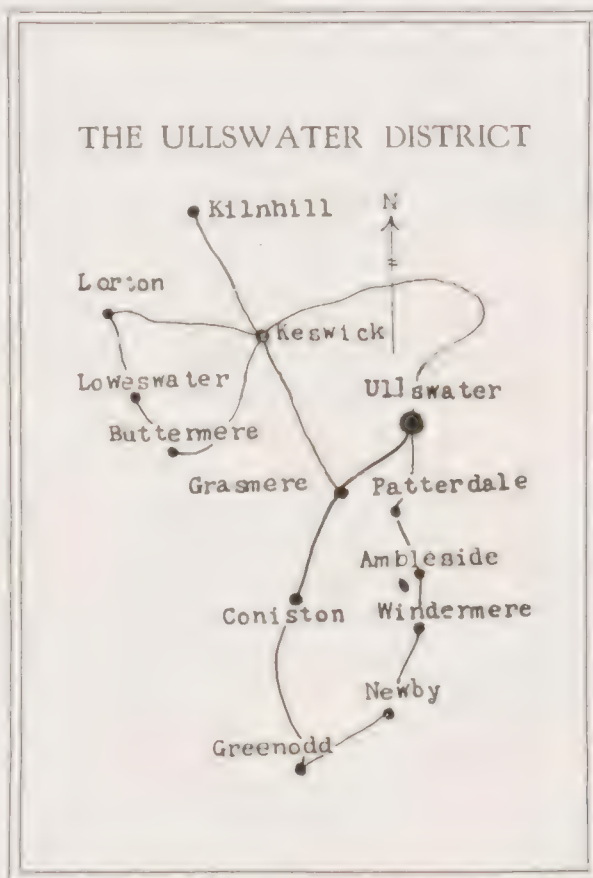
Quite a different beauty spot, also unique in its way, is found after a good day's run along the coast of Sussex and Hants, and thence through the New Forest to "Dorset dear." Lulworth Cove is one of those quiet little backwaters of life where the holiday maker can obtain real rest, sea-fishing, bathing, boating, golf (near by), and motoring amid singularly beautiful surroundings.

So narrow is the opening between the chalk cliffs that admits to Lulworth Cove—with its sapphire and jade-flecked waters, and great chalk cliffs gleaming white, in shape as though scooped out by a giant's thumb—that one might pass it unnoticed in a yacht a few miles out.

One comes to this little fishing haven—where lobster pots abound, and the boats are mostly of substantial build, and of tarry appearance—best from Wool, five or six miles inland. Wool is, of course, the “Wellbridge” of Hardy’s *Tess of the D’Urbervilles*. The old manor house and ancient Elizabethan bridge over the Frome should be seen.

Lulworth is a delightful spot, with a steeply descending chalk road bordered by picturesque cottages, until one takes a turn that opens to one a vista of the tranquil, sunlit cove. East Lulworth,

the inland village, clings to the skirts of Lulworth Castle, erected in the beginning of the seventeenth century, belonging to the well-known Roman Catholic family of the Welds, who have owned it since the reign of James I. The stone used in the erection of the Castle is supposed to have been chiefly obtained



from the ruined Cistercian Abbey Bindon. The Castle has been on several occasions visited by reigning sovereigns, James I., and Charles X. of France came here, and it is said to possess a cleverly constructed "priests' hole," used in troublous days of persecution. It was garrisoned for the King during the Civil War. In the Castle chapel is a very fine altar, a copy of "The Transfiguration" of Raphael, and a priceless Louterell psalter of the thirteenth century.

priceless Louterell psalter of the
teenth century.

Here is a description of Lulworth Cove: "Imagine Venus's Bath, a sheet of still, sapphire water, shot with jade, and encircled by a deep rim of chalk in the sunshine shining on unpolished white marble. In the morning, sailing themselves summer clouds of similar beauty, and one has a picture of Lulworth Cove, where the world seems to stand still, and happiness to have put, for a time at least, trouble to flight."

Another spot of natural wonder and unique character, to which one crosses the counties Dorset and Somerset in a direction from the seaboard through some of the loveliest West Country scenery, is Cheddar. It lies on the southern slopes of the Mendips, close to the little place are the



Ullswater, a gem of the Lake District, is the second largest English lake.

SEE BRITAIN FIRST—ON SHELL

caves, likened to the noted grottos of Han in Belgium, on a smaller scale. And the wonderful gorge where the cliffs, reminding of Dolomite peaks in miniature, seem as though about to shut one in for ever. Many people only know of Cheddar by reason of its cheese! They might well enter its fairyland of crystals, stalagmites and stalactites, and penetrate the caves which go right into the hills, where some wonderful effects are seen by torchlight, with the reflections of the pendent stalactites in the still waters of the pools. Ancient British and Roman remains, discovered in the neighbourhood, seem to prove that this natural wonderland was not unknown when the world was young.

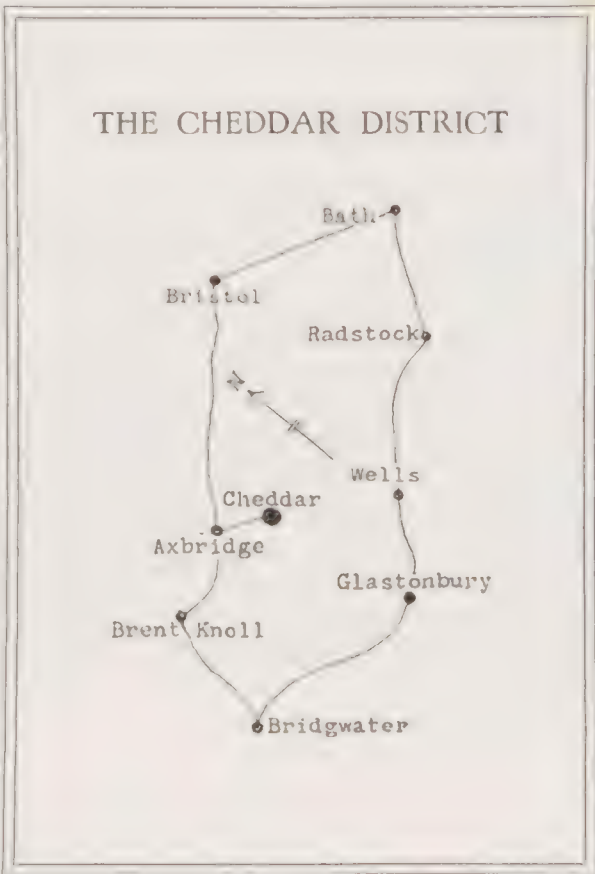
One generally goes across Exmoor, from Cheddar, to reach one of the most historic towns of the West, and its equally historic "Long Bridge." A good tour of England and the borderlands of Wales and Scotland could be made by merely visiting the historic and beautiful bridges which still span the rivers, linking, as in the past, town with town and county with county. Everyone recalls that Sir Richard Grenville and his *Revenge* are immortally connected with Bideford, in Devon, and that men of that "white river" whose river is tidal and whose river bed is at low tide golden or silvery

as seen by sunlight or moonlight," went to fight the dread Armada of Philip of Spain.

For more than six centuries, the ancient bridge, originally built by the parish priest, Sir Richard Gurney, has, with its twenty-four arches, no two of which are exactly alike, spanned the

wide-flowing Torridge. To-day there is a reconstructed bridge, widened skilfully by some seven feet, and rebuilt without injury to its beauty or character. Where the ford—for Bideford means By-the-Ford—which in ancient times wayfarers used, so that "many were overwhelmed and others greatly delayed by winds and tides," is no one to-day seems to know with exactness. But the bridge remains a monument to the public-spirited and humane parish priest of long ago, a thing of beauty that few can fail to appreciate as they view its gracious span, which is the chief connecting link of North Devon and North Cornwall. It to-day provides motorists and pedestrians with a great elevated highway above the silver Torridge.

Set amid and at the foot of ever-dured and lofty cliffs on the North Devon coast, Lynmouth may surely be described as a gem of English scenery, with the wide waters of the Bristol Channel spreading out towards the Welsh Coast, whose mountains can on some clear days be faintly distinguished from the heights of North Devon, Lynmouth, and especially the lovely Watersmeet Glen, has some of the characteristics of Clovelly. Its old stone jetty with the lantern tower, which has figured in so many artists'



Cheddar Gorge and the beautiful fairylike caves are an unforgettable sight

SEE BRITAIN FIRST—ON SHELL

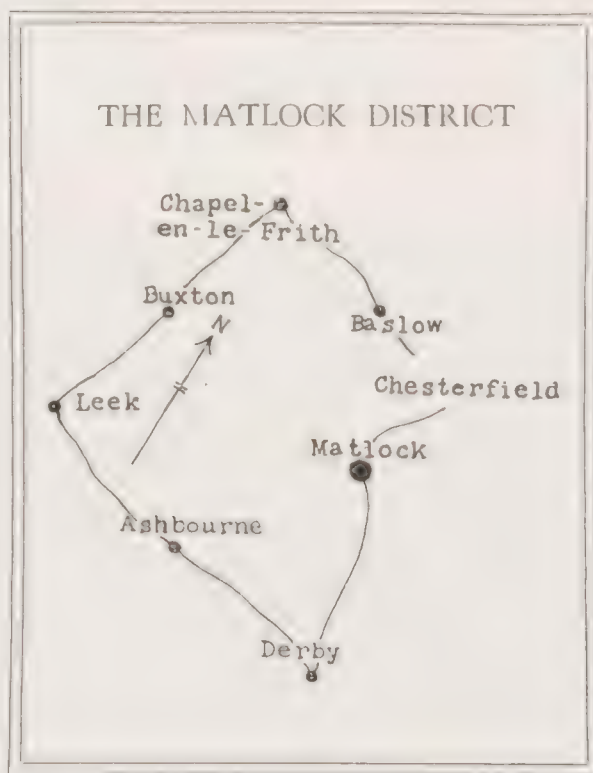




High Tor, Matlock, which rises to 380 ft., is a unique beauty spot.

pictures, and always ensnares the amateur photographer, is picturesque in the extreme; and the coast line—whether viewed from the shore or from some vantage point above, on the way up to its sister townlet, Lynton, on the heights—is wonderfully beautiful. In the late afternoon of a summer's day is this especially the case, when a plum-coloured haze seems to half veil and half disclose the tree-clad headlands. No one, of course, should miss seeing the Valley of the Rocks, with its famous Castle Rock, a really wonderful place, with huge boulders scattered about as though giants had been at play. Lynmouth village has many picturesque corners, and some of the houses, overhanging the stream, with creeper-clad walls are almost foreign in character. Those along the quay are delightful examples of the Devonian fishermen's cottages.

Wales, too, can show much that is beautiful to the enterprising and curious holiday maker and motorist. From Devon one passes through the northern part of Somerset and crosses both the Severn and the Wye to reach that ancient border city of Monmouth, standing on the western bank of the Wye, where the Monnow joins it. In its ruined castle, founded by John of



Gaunt in the fourteenth century, was born Henry V. in 1387, who was known as Henry of Monmouth. Among the famous bridges of ancient date the Monnow Bridge ranks high, and, spanning the stream that gives it its name, it never fails to arouse the interest of tourists. It has beauty of its own, and in addition possesses a unique feature, so far as England is concerned, in the

fortified gateway, dating from the thirteenth century, which still stands upon it. Just above the bridge stands the small church of St. Thomas Becket, of the Norman period of architecture. St. Mary's Church, though modern, has a very graceful old spire. Geoffrey of Monmouth (d. 1154) was born in the town, but there is some doubt regarding the building described as his study. Probably it is of later date. Monmouth is incidentally an excellent motoring centre, surrounded by beautiful country, the lovely scenery of the Wye Valley close at hand, and many places of historic interest within easy distance, including Tintern Abbey, Chepstow Castle, Raglan Castle, and Goodrich Castle.

But a short distance up the river towards Ross and one comes to the famous Herefordshire beauty spot, Symond's Yat, an elevation of 740 ft. overlooking the tortuous windings of the Wye through a valley of wonderful loveliness. The little village which lies at the foot of the Yat is near the entrance to what are known as the Coldwell Walks, which run through a mile or more of the most beautiful scenery, and include the Wye Valley Rocks, which rise perpendicularly



SEE BRITAIN FIRST—ON SHELL





Magnificent Harlech Castle, the scene of many historical struggles, was founded in 1285.

the bed of the river to the height of almost 700 feet.

Harlech Castle draws the traveller to Merionethshire in the northern half of Wales. It might be described as a "picture castle," one that is just what a castle should be. It is, indeed, just a picture of a fortress that would be conjured up in the mind of a child by a fairy tale. A well-elevated, four-square massive castle, it stands to the winds, round-towered, and impressively massive, it takes some 200 feet above the marshes by which it is surrounded on a huge rocky platform, from which, indeed, it takes its name. It could scarcely be more admirably placed either from a defensive or a pictorial point of view. It is seen before one reaches it, and from its summit there is a magnificent prospect. The complete and well-preserved example of the concentric system of fortification prevalent at the period of the castles in Wales founded by Edward I. in 1285, after his conquest of the country. In 1404 it was captured by Owen Glendower, and in 1460 Margaret of Anjou took refuge there after the battle of Northampton. The famous national song, "The March of the Men of Harlech," was inspired

THE HARLECH DISTRICT



in 1468 by the stubborn defence of the castle against the Yorkists' attack. It was the last stronghold to resist in the cause of Charles I., and, although taken by the Parliamentary forces, it was not—as was the usual custom—dismantled or much injured. Its possession is vested in the Crown. From the battlements one obtains a superb view of the

Carnarvonshire mountains, including the Manods at the head of the Ffestiniog Valley, the peak of Snowdon, the Bwch Mawr group, the Rivals, and onwards to Mynydd Rhiw at the west end of the Llyn promontory.

Harlech, the county town, interesting and picturesque, scarcely nowadays more than a village, stands on a spur overlooking the wide marsh Morfa Harlech.

Llandudno Bay gives much of its character to the town which bears its name, for what has been called "the favourite Welsh watering place," is surrounded by water practically on three sides. The beautiful crescent-shaped bay is often compared to that of Naples. But it has a stronger note than its Southern rival, and a sterner grace of scenery. It is guarded at either end by a hill, almost deserving the name of mountain, rising sheer out of the water and known as the Great and Little Orme's Heads. On the other side is the West Bay, and the picturesque estuary of the Conway, with the Carnarvonshire mountains, ridge upon ridge, forming a striking and impressive background. The town, a prosperous and much visited watering place, is a good sports centre, with golf

SEE BRITAIN FIRST—ON SHELL

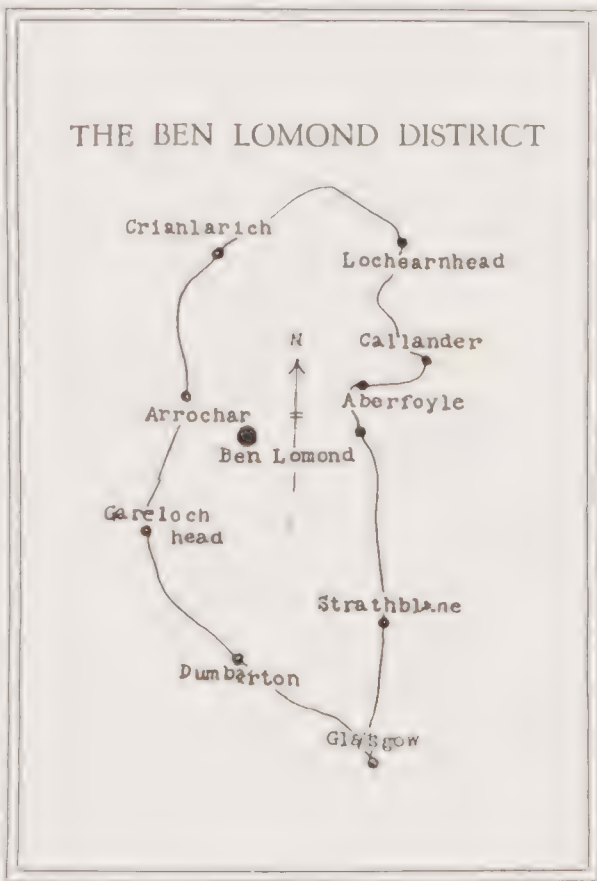


Norman times but not completed until 1500, possesses among other features a long and splendid nave, two small chapels and the lofty spire. Two ancient gateways lead to it, and near by are the Bishop's Palace, the towers and deanery.

The Grammar School dates from 1225, and among its most famous pupils may be mentioned Rajah Brooke and Tenison; and George Borrow, who lived in Willow Lane, and whose house is now a Borrow Museum. The Strangers' Hall is a notable survival of a merchant's house of the fifteenth century well worth seeing. It is an interesting mansion, approached by a richly carved gateway, possessing a banquet hall, minstrels' gallery, and finely carved panelling to the rooms.

Durham is another interesting cathedral city. The Cathedral, especially when seen from across the Wear, is impressive in the extreme. One sees to advantage at one and the same time the two great western towers and the fine central tower, with their lancet and perpendicular work superimposed upon the ancient Norman architecture which is some of the finest in the country. It was begun in the eleventh century, and the nave and restored choir house are of that period. Among the chief features of a lovely

and notable building are the Galilee Chapel, and the chapel of the nine altars. The cathedral also possesses a valuable library, and some relics of St. Cuthbert. When in Durham, one should see the Framwellgate, dating from the fourteenth century; the bridges across the river Wear, including Elvet Bridge.



There are few more lovely districts in England than the Lakes of Cumberland and Westmorland. Ullswater, one of the most beautiful, lies on the borderland of both of these counties. One of the finest views of it is obtained from Place Fell, looking across the expanse of water, over the tops of the trees with which the lake is bordered, in the direction of Glenridding village. Ullswater is the second largest English lake, with a length of more than seven miles and an average width of about half a mile. It is divided into three reaches, which circumstance adds not a little to its beauty, and the southern end comprises some of the most beautiful lake scenery in the British Isles.

Scotland offers many attractions for motorists, and the Border counties possess numerous beauty spots. One goes north, however, for the finest scenery.

Crieff lies in a delightful part of Perthshire. There is much historic interest in the district connected with Bonnie Prince Charlie and his Jacobite followers. The town ranks high as a holiday centre, and stands on rising ground backed by the pine-clad Knock of Crieff. The clear, winding Earn, with many trout and salmon in its pools, adds picturesqueness and a charm to the scene. The Sma' Glen is reached by a fine road—but it is a



Splendid Ben Lomond, rising to 3,192 ft., and the lovely waters of Loch Lomond.

SEE BRITAIN FIRST—ON SHELL



"Sma' Glen" in name only—through which, with rounded hills on either side, a tiny river purls. On the way is Eagle's Crag, an almost unclimbable rock; the ancient Kirk of the Wood; and other historic spots worth noting.

The Dee is one of the best known, romantic and important of Scottish rivers. Its scenery is "soft" for that of the Highlands and has, indeed, little in character with the wildness of the West of Scotland. It is true that Lochnagar can show some considerable precipices frowning down on Ballater, but even here they are so in the background as to lose a good deal of their grimness. The higher one goes up Deeside from the sea the more beautiful does the scenery become, until at Balmoral the quiet beauty is very engaging. Balmoral itself is so beset with fir plantations that from the Crathie Road one only catches a glimpse of its towers and turrets, with the large central tower showing above the dark green foliage of larches, firs and spruce. Balmoral Castle dates from the middle of the last century, and was at least in part designed by the Prince Consort. In September, 1855, the Royal family paid their first visit. The castle stands 1100 feet above sea level, and it is therefore one of the highest inhabited

THE BIDEFORD DISTRICT



houses in Great Britain. In the immediate neighbourhood there are many beauty spots, and one obtains here and there glimpses of the big group of Macdhui and Cairngorm.

Across towards the west coast lies Ben Lomond, one of the greatest as well as most famous and beautiful Scottish mountains, rising steeply to the waters of lovely Loch Lomond to a height of 3,192 feet. Perhaps to see this green-clad giant at its best one cannot find a more advantageous spot than Arrochar, whence one obtains delightful glimpses of the southern end of the lake, strewn thickly with islands. Compared with the grandeur found farther north, the wooded beauty of the banks of the charms all who visit it. One is in the heart of a most romantic region teeming with legends and the deeds of the Clans long ago. A voyage down the lake is like a trip into Fairyland, never to be forgotten!

The reader will gather from the descriptive data that there is a general appeal in scenic charm, folk lore, historic connection in many of the better known beauty spots in Britain. The motorist planning a holiday tour should certainly bear in mind the suggestion "See Britain First."



Bideford Bridge, no two arches of which are alike, has stood for over six centuries.



SEE BRITAIN FIRST—ON SHELL



Viscount Curzon's Appreciation of the New Three-Litre Sunbeam

This copy of a letter recently received gives the impressions of the well-known motorist M.P. after a trial of the new Three-Litre Sunbeam.

The Sunbeam Motor Car Co., Ltd.

23rd April, 1925

Dear Sirs,

You have asked me to give my impressions upon the general performance of your Three-Litre Sunbeam Car, which I need hardly say that I do with the greatest possible pleasure.

Perhaps, as a preliminary, I should explain that I started driving motors in 1898, working in those days as a small boy in a French Garage, since when I have driven practically every known make of car, and have driven very many hundreds of thousands of miles both in this country and abroad.

I was more impressed by the all-round performance of your Three-Litre Car than any car I ever remember being in.

Its maximum speed as shown by circuits made on the Brooklands Track is over 95 miles an hour with the Car in ordinary touring condition. At the same time it was possible to handle the Car in ordinary London traffic on top speed with perfect ease and comfort.

The car seems able to run quite comfortably and throttle down to about eight miles an hour, and to pick up to its maximum speed from that figure without the slightest effort, a performance unsurpassed by any other car I have ever known.

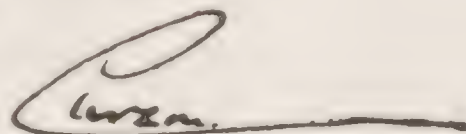
Another point which impressed me very much was the entire absence of any periodic vibration in the Engine. At no time did the Engine, even when running at a very high rate of revolutions, appear in any way to be making heavy weather of it. The acceleration was simply terrific and far beyond anything that I have ever driven.

The car struck me as being quiet, and appeared to hold the road extremely well.

I am quite convinced that in this Car your Firm has produced one of the finest Sporting Cars ever built; one which will do credit to the British Motor Car industry as a whole, and will be yet another feather in the cap of its talented designer.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed)



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July, 1925



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Woolwright.

July, 1925

WILL YOU KINDLY MENTION  WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISERS

ROAD SHOCKS AND THEIR ABSORPTION

By WILFRED GORDON ASTON

It is a rather curious fact that, in spite of the trouble and time and expert knowledge which have been expended upon principles of suspension, that which is adopted in the most up-to-date motor-car to-day differs only in details from that which is to be found on the most primitive coster's barrow

TO the student of automobile engineering there should be no subject, in connection with the progress that has taken place in motor-car construction, of more interest than that which is concerned with the provision of personal comfort to the occupants of the vehicle. There was a time when comfort took, figuratively speaking, a back seat; when car owners demanded just of all a reasonable degree of reliability, then a certain amount of attributes of a more or less technical nature, long before they worried themselves about comfort. It was only when the motor-car had been proved to be convenient and trustworthy, and had been brought within the sphere of the ordinary man's practical politics that attention was directed to making it something not only adventurous to ride in, but also physically comfortable.

In connection with springing it may be said that improvements, some of them quite radical, have from time to time been introduced, but that in general the system in vogue is still much in the state of original crudity in which it first appeared hundreds of years ago. It is true that in one or two instances there have been attempts to get away from conventional practice, and we find in at least one outstanding car the employment of coil springs in place of those of the laminated or leaf variety. Here, however, we have a distinction which is almost without a difference, for the leaf spring with multiple laminations and the coil spring with some kind of hydraulic dash-pot attached are merely two slightly variant ways of attacking the same problem.

The suspension of a motor-car, that is to say the method by which an effort is made to cause the passenger to move in a smooth, steady line of motion, irrespective of the contour of the road surface is carried out in three distinct stages. First of all we have the pneumatic tyre, which acts as a shock absorbing medium between the axle and the road profile. Then we have, as between the axle and the chassis, the so-called "road springs." Finally we have, between the chassis and the occupant of the car, the up-
 cushioned cushions. I had been almost

tempted to add, last but not least we have the suspension system which Providence has furnished to the human anatomy. This consists of a complicated system of fat cells, tissues and muscles, and is without question the most efficient of the whole series!

Returning, however, to the mechanical aspect, it is almost impossible to overrate the importance of the pneu-

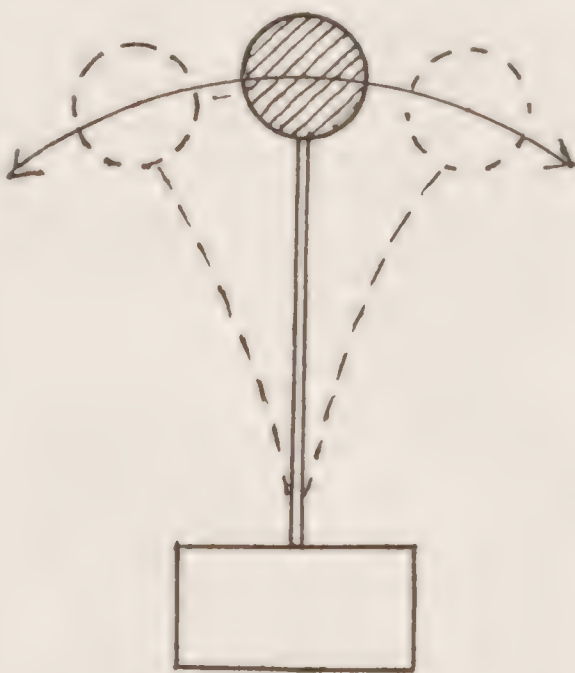


FIG. 1.



FIGS. 2, 3 & 4.

matic tyre in the light of the history of automobile development. It was, in fact, the advantages conferred by Mr. Dunlop's epoch marking invention which rendered the self-propelled car a practical possibility. I do not mean to say that all kinds of mechanical transport ever depended upon, or ever will depend upon, the tyre with which their wheels are shod, but in this case the factor of speed very rapidly became of commanding importance, and it was only the pneumatic form of tyre which reacted sufficiently rapidly to insulate

the mechanism from the intense vibration produced by the passage of wheels over rough surfaced roads.

There can be little question that it is at the point of contact between the wheel and the road that the most valuable functions of any suspension system can be obtained. In plain language, this means that the shock of a road inequality can best be dealt with at its source in a "first-hand" manner. If it has to be transferred to the axle, the movement of this has subsequently to be absorbed by some suspension system attached to the chassis. Even if the latter does all the work, it is doing so—so to speak—at "second-hand."

This point has been well realised by tyre constructors during the last few years, as a proof of which we have the balloon type of tyre, which has become so universally popular. There cannot be the least question that such a tyre is correct in theory, and one has little doubt that if it could be developed a few stages further it would be possible by means of pneumatic tyres alone to provide all the comfort that the most exacting passenger could require. A car thus equipped might have cushions innocent of springs, axles fixed rigidly to the chassis, and a mechanical simplicity that is out of the question with the conventional sort of design to-day.

It is not without interest to note that one modest light car in which road springs are conspicuous by their absence has already been tentatively placed upon the market, whilst a leading Continental designer of racing cars has experimentally adopted a similar principle, though so far it has not yet attained any substantial success.

In spite of the suspensional importance of the pneumatic tyre, efforts are being constantly made to improve the conditions which govern relative movement between axle and chassis. The axle can be made light enough and strong enough to resist any amount of bouncing and vibration, but it is, of course, essential that none of this movement should be communicated to the chassis, otherwise the stresses upon the mechanism would exceed a practical limit. The axle must, of course, weigh something, and when it is attached to the chassis by means of any kind of spring the system becomes

analogous to that of a spring blade firmly fixed at its base and carrying a bobweight at its top as suggested in Fig. 1. If we take the spring blade (which we will suppose to be a single strip of highly tempered steel) and, holding one end firmly, give an impulse to the other which causes it to vibrate in the manner of a tuning fork, we will find that it always does so at a definite rate of speed. It behaves, in fact, exactly like a pendulum, which, whether its amplitude of swing be great or small, always takes the same time to pass from one extreme position to the other. Theoretically, we can illustrate the vibrations of the unloaded spring blade by a graph as given in Fig. 2.

When we attach a bobweight of a certain weight to its free end the spring blade will behave in the manner suggested in Fig. 3, and if we then increase the size of the bobweight we shall get an oscillation of the type represented in Fig. 4.

From this it will instantly be seen that if a car is designed to travel fast, which means that its wheels will have to bounce up and down with great rapidity in order to maintain constant contact with the road surface, then it is desirable, if not essential, that the bobweight, which is analogous to the weight of the axle, should be as light as possible. Every ounce taken off this component means an increased rapidity of reaction on the part of the suspension system, and it is because of this that car designers do all that they can to reduce the element of unsprung weight. In this object they are, of course, able to take full advantage of the fact that the pneumatic tyre renders "sprung" all the weight that it has to carry. Hence an axle which would be abominably bad with solid tyred wheels becomes reasonably good with pneumatic tyres fitted. This, of course, greatly simplifies the problem.

Turning back to Fig. 1, we know that if we set our bobweight in motion it will regularly swing from side to side and continue to do so for a very considerable period of time. Now when an axle and its wheels have to pass over a bump they commence an oscillation of a similar kind, but as in the interest of comfort it is essential that they should be prepared to deal immediately with another bump, it is of the first importance that the series of oscillations first produced should be damped down or nullified altogether before the second inequality is encountered. It is because

of this that the undamped plain spring of the coil or "tuning fork" variety rarely finds a place in car design. Such a spring when oscillated persists in oscillation—which is precisely what is not required. Accordingly means have

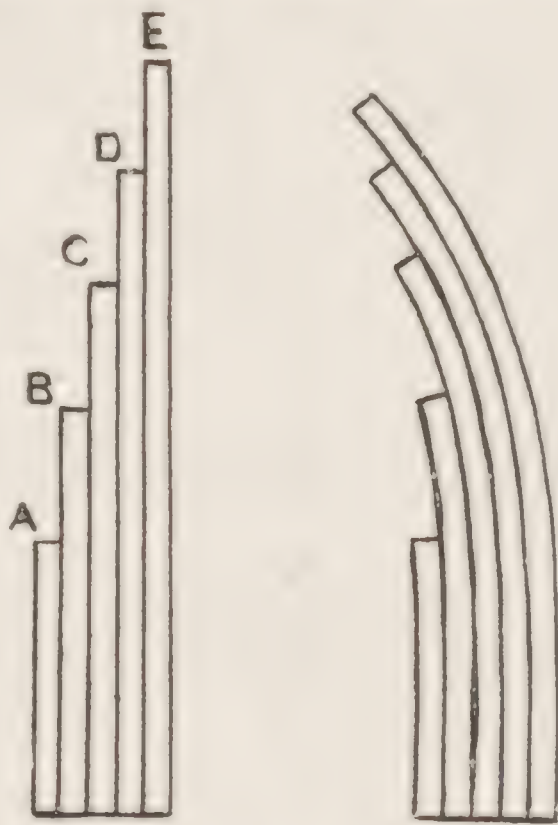


FIG. 5.

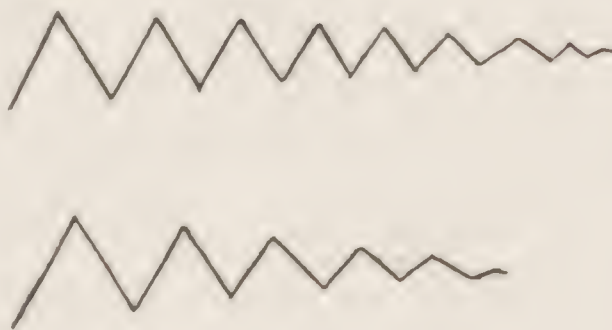


FIG. 6.



FIG. 7.

to be found for damping-out the movement in question, and that scheme which suggested itself to our ancestors, namely, the dividing of the spring into a number of separate leaves, still finds a useful and indeed a valuable application.

The object of the multiple layer spring is to utilise the friction that exists between the laminae when they move. Thus, taking Fig. 5, it will be seen that on bending the spring relative movement or sliding takes place between A and B, between B and C, and between C and D, and the

friction thus caused shortens the natural period of oscillation by the simple process of absorbing energy.

Fig. 6 roughly suggests a comparison between the non-frictional and the frictional spring of equal oscillation and amplitude. In the upper figure, that is the non-damped spring, the oscillation persists very much longer than in the other case. The damped spring, therefore, strongly recommends itself for motor-car suspension purposes. In order to promote the interlaminae friction it is quite common to find clips employed which bind the leaves together, whilst on racing cars—where very rapid damping of spring action is called for—it is not unusual for the whole spring to be tightly bound with cord. By this means the inherent friction is enhanced.

We can now briefly consider the function of shock absorbers. At one time these could be described as of two kinds, one consisting of a supplementary light coil spring introduced between the main spring and the dumb iron. The other, a far more scientific instrument, comprising a device for increasing the friction or damping effect. The former type has, of course, practically gone out of use, and it can at its best only be regarded as a palliative for springs which were definitely too stiff for the work that they had to perform.

Here it may be interposed that a spring by itself can be equally suitable for all variations in speeds and all variations in load. It may be accepted therefore, that in the modern car the pneumatic tyres and the cushions do most of the suspension work at slow speeds, it being left to the road springs to undertake a fuller share of the work when speeds become higher.

In these circumstances the possibilities of the frictional shock absorber are manifest enough, and one need not feel surprised that it is so popular today. The effect of the shock absorber on an already frictionally damped spring is shown in Fig. 7, from which it will be seen that it serves the purpose of shortening the persistent oscillations. A car so equipped is able to pass over a bump and to recover from the vertical impulse which it receives therefrom more rapidly than would otherwise be the case.

Some further aspects of suspension, shock absorbers, and other cognate matter I propose to deal with in a subsequent article.

MOTORING WITH EVE

By MARTIN H. POTTER

From Oxford to Woodstock, Burford and Rollright Stones

We meet royal lovers, a stony-hearted prelate, and a petrified king

WHAT writer can do justice to the beauties of Oxford? Eve says that the pen which achieved the undertaking would have to be driven by the world's greatest poet, descended in the direct line from the world's greatest artist and architect.

As, alas, the present scribe can claim no such qualifications, he must perforce shirk the responsibility, whether from a becoming sense of humility, or that a deed which will be ill-done is best not done, he leaves to the readers' tender mercy.

He can only say that, standing on Magdalen Bridge with the stately building of Magdalen on the right, washed by the placid waters of the Cherwell, or facing the picturesque walls of Oriel, or entering the Botanical Gardens by the Inigo Jones gateway, he brings home to him the real inward meaning of Ruskin's statement: "Good architecture is essentially religious."

If there be a reader of THE MOTOR OWNER—whether he hail from North, South, East, or West of Britain, or from Overseas—who has not utilised his car to visit Oxford, let him remedy the omission forthwith. But he must reach there in the early morning, and be prepared to garage the 'bus till dewy eve. No perfunctory fleeting glance as he "drives round" will be worthy of the occasion, and one positively shudders to think of the motorist's fate who stopped in the narrow congested "High" to admire Brasenose for instance.

We spent a day there on this visit, and, apart from the much grudged hours given to meals and sleeping, were sight-seeing all the time. Indeed, it was no light work to drag Eve away from then, but our friends had to be left in Cheltenham that evening; so that out on the return journey. Need I say that the route we took was a glorious one?

We certainly left Oxford by the main road which runs through Witney, but branched off to the right by the village of Botley on a by-way, which led to Wytham, and near that little town we came to what remains of Godstow Nunnery. Only a few fragmentary walls stand to mark its site, but the scent of

romance clings to them. A strange quality with which to endow a Nunnery; but the ladies who had retired from the wiles of a wicked world to the holy peace of this particular religious establishment, added to their duties the education of young girls of noble families.

Amongst their pupils, somewhere between the years 1153 and 1160 was Rosamund, who was beautiful beyond all compare and daughter of Lord Walter Clifford. Rosamund was not in sympathy with the views of her holy tutors. The world called to her with no uncertain appeal. Youth and love beckoned her from the calm certainties of a cloistered life to the glorious incertitudes which stretched beyond the convent walls.

One day a King came riding along the road by the Convent and saw her. Perhaps the Demoiselle Clifford had eluded the nuns and was looking over the high walls at the fair world she coveted.

However that may be, the King glanced into her blue eyes, saw the wonderful colouring of her golden hair, her white skin, her lovely figure, and fell deeply in love with her.

You see, he was in those magic early twenties when Kings and other men are most susceptible to such influences.

It would be pleasant to record that this particular King took the fair Rosamund by the hand, and after duly

receiving the blessing of Holy Church, shared his throne with her. But, unfortunately, he already had a wife. Nevertheless, the lady loved him also, and by and by she became, in the phraseology of the day, his leman.

The King (Henry II) built her a bower in the grounds of his park at Woodstock, and various tales, true or otherwise, cluster round her short life-story there. Queen Eleanor, the wife of Henry, is said to have sought her out in the bower and forced her to take poison.

One thing is quite certain, Rosamund returned to Godstow, the scene of her girlhood dreams, to die, and was buried there in a beautiful tomb erected by the King.

There she rested in the odour of sanctity, until Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, visiting Godstow Nunnery, saw the tomb surrounded with marks of honour. He asked who rested there, and on being told, was very wroth, and insisted that the poor bones of the frail Rosamund should be removed outside the Church. The nuns had to obey him, but are said to have brought them back later on, wrapped in perfumed leather.

We continued on our way to Woolvercot, where we turned to the left into the Oxford-Stratford-on-Avon main road, and in due course reached Woodstock.

All remnants of Woodstock Palace



Oriel College - Oxford

THE MOTOR OWNER

vanished when a grateful nation presented the Park and Blenheim Palace to John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, as an acknowledgment of his victory at Blenheim. The demolition of the ruins of this ancient building was a blatant crime against archæology. The associations connected with the old ruins surely called for their preservation. From early Saxon days Woodstock had housed Kings. Ælfred the Great, Æthelred the Unready, Henry I, Henry II, Henry III, Edward III—his son, the Black Prince, victor of the battle of Crecy and Poitiers, was born there. Elizabeth—whilst yet Princess, she was imprisoned there by her step-sister, Queen Mary—James II and many others. All these royal personages, together with great warriors, churchmen, and men of letters of their different ages, had stayed at the Palace.

History had been made here, and yet to gratify the whim of a headstrong woman, the time-honoured stones were swept away. The woman in question was Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. She maintained that the ruins marred the view from the new Blenheim Palace, and the authorities, to their shame, upheld her.

I have retold one love story in connection with Woodstock, and as a companion picture will offer the lifelong devotion of John Churchill to Sarah, his Duchess.

Eve says that taking Sarah Jennings to wife was doing overtime in heroism. She also suspects that Blenheim Palace was not only a reward for prowess on the field of war, but also on the field of love.

Far be it for me to belittle the achievements of a great soldier, but one cannot but remember that before the split with good Queen Anne, the Duchess might be described as the "Uncrowned monarch of England."

As the car bowled past the mansion we discussed the wonderful personality of this capable, if unlikeable, woman. We had come to the conclusion that she must have been very fascinating in spite of her uncertain temper, when

Eve, stroking her shingled head, observed: "Of course she was one of us."

We asked for further enlightenment on this somewhat cryptic announcement. This induced Eve to tell a story, which was new to us.

It appears that in one of her tantrums, Sarah had cut off her hair to annoy her husband, who was very proud of it. He made no comment upon the action at the time, but years after his death the Duchess found the shorn locks, carefully wrapped up.

After passing through old Woodstock, we left the main road, branching off to the left and skirting Blenheim Park to Charlbury. Reaching this village we bore to the left, passing across a portion of Wynchwood Forest, then by way of Leafield and Swinbrook to the Cheltenham road again, branching right for Burford.

Now Burford is a town of perfect joy to the antiquary. The onward march of civilisation has left it high and dry. It lives on its past, tenderly guards the beautiful relics of architecture which its former greatness gave it; and when restoration is demanded, reverent hands undertake the necessary work.

Some of these days Eve and I intend to spend much time in the placid little town. It is essentially a place where one can dream, and the texture of the dreams may be tragic or merry as errant fancy dictates, for Burford has enough history to satisfy all mental hunger.

There is its wonderful church, one of the most beautiful ecclesiastical structures to be found in Britain. Within its walls the mutineers against Cromwell, known as Levellers, were imprisoned. You may see the name of one, "Anthony Sedley Prisner 1649," carved on the font.

Outside in the picturesque churchyard there is a wall riddled with holes. It is said to be the very wall against which the selected mutineers were stood to be shot. The remainder of

their comrades were drawn up on the leads of the church to witness the execution.

Charles I, the tragic King, stopped in the town on two occasions when he was fleeing from his enemies. Charles II held revels in the town, as did Elizabeth before him, and many other Royal personages antecedent to either monarch.

Believe me, there is material for a dozen historical novels in Burford.

We left by the Chipping-Norton road and followed it to the lane which leads to Cornell. About a mile farther on we came to a very old highway, and turning to the right found one of the most ancient monuments in Britain—the Rollright Stones.

There is little doubt that this circle of stones is coeval with, or earlier than, Stonehenge, or that they had a similar religious origin to the other megalithic remains which are scattered over Europe. They stand on a hill at a height of 700 ft. above sea level, and about 80 yards away stands a larger stone known as the King.

Of course, numerous legends cluster round the stones. The principal, and most picturesque, one concerns a mythical king, who set out with his army to conquer all England. When he had reached nearly to the crest of the hill on which the stone circle stands, he was met by the witch whom the eminence belonged to. He confided his ambition to this male female, who promised that, if he could see Long Compton, a town hidden by the hill top, within seven strides, his wish should be fulfilled.

The king agreed, but the town was still not visible to him after the seven strides. Whereupon the witch turned the king and his army into stones!

We left the king and his followers continue their long vigil; and, turning our car's bonnet in the direction of Long Compton, made our way to Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Broadway, Winchcomb to Cheltenham.

Eve's comment upon the run was: "The real pleasure of motor driving lies in the art of dawdling."



ROLLRIGHT STONES

Joseph J. Fox

SOME PRACTICAL HINTS

To keep one's car in proper running order, it is a good thing to remember the famous old proverb—"A stitch in time saves nine." Neglect eventually means replacement, and this in turn means unnecessary expense. The following few hints, therefore, will prove of great assistance to many seasoned motorists; while they are also simple enough for absorption by the novice.

THE wise motor owner should always carry a spare tube, if only a propitiatory offering to the God of Misadventure, who is apt to hold his hand if he thinks his would-be victim is prepared for trouble.

Acting on the same rule, our motorist should take care that the tube is kept in proper condition. For instance, it should be in this desirable state if it has been carelessly tied up with a piece of string and thrust into a box to keep company with spanners and spare parts.

No, the spare tube should have an abiding place suitable for an easily damaged article. It should be carefully folded and placed in a rubber-proofed bag, well supplied with French chalk. Moreover, it should be stowed in a position which precludes chafing action.

Once in three months it should be taken out for an airing both inside and out. To achieve this, the tube should be inflated to its normal shape as when actually in use, and then replaced as before. This attention will reduce the tendency of the rubber to perish at the folds.

Comparatively few people know the correct way to fold a tyre tube, or knowing, practise it; and yet it is well worth following.

The valve should be removed, and the tube folded in half with the valve stem outside at one end. The rolling process should be commenced from the outside end so as to expel the air.



Sparking plugs can be easily and quickly cleaned by a tooth brush dipped in petrol.



The gap between the plug points should allow a visiting card to be passed between them.

When rolled up the valve should be replaced and screwed up tight to prevent the air from getting in again. Now the tube should be unrolled again and stretched out flat, with the valve still outside in the centre. The ends are then folded inwards to the valve, and folded over yet again. Then a tape or stout rubber band should be slipped over to keep the folds in position.

On Sparking Plugs.

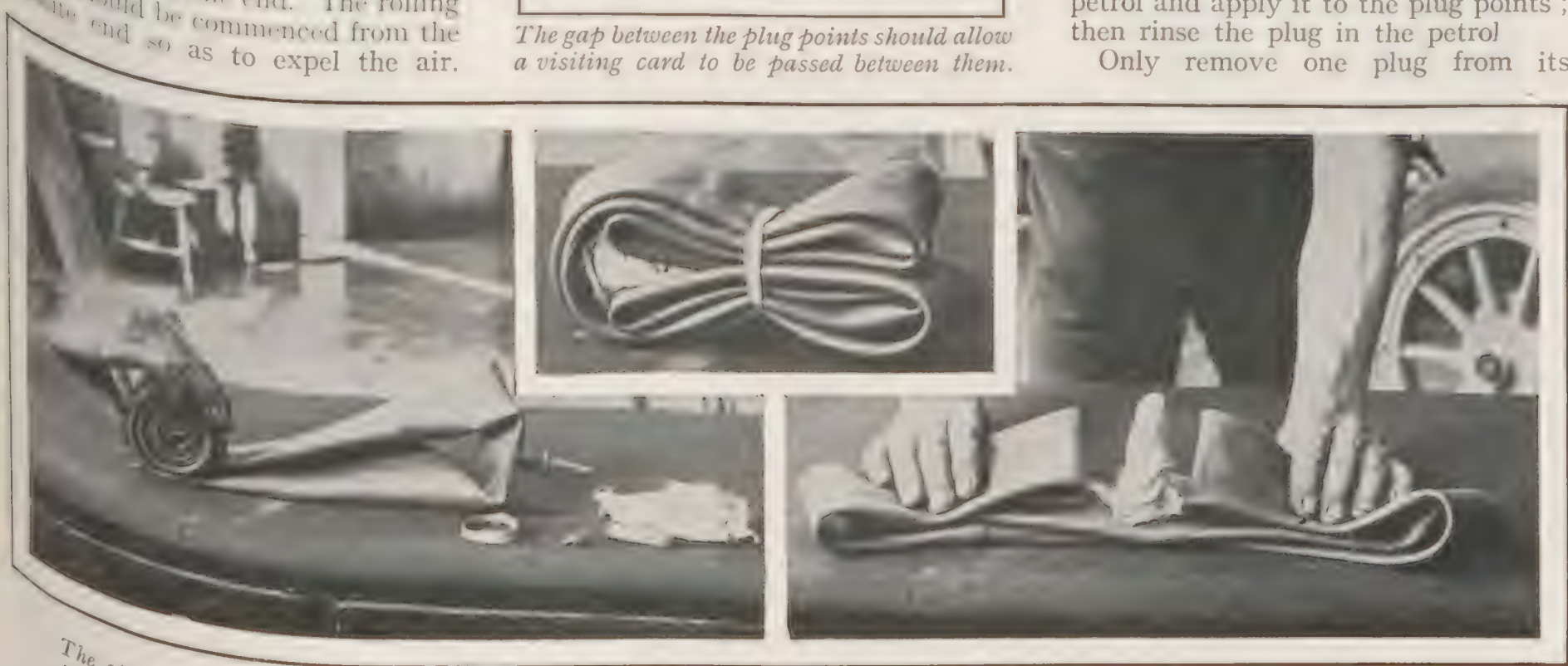
The motorist with little experience is apt to overlook the importance of attending to the correct width of the sparking plug gaps.

The rough rule which governs this is that the space between the platinum points should be that which will allow an ordinary visiting card to be passed between them.

When the engine of a lightly loaded car persists in misfiring, a cure can often be effected by slightly widening the gap. But if the misfiring occurs when the engine is pulling hard with an open throttle, the spark gap should be closed a trifle.

The sparking plug may be dirty. If so, it should be cleaned in a plug cleaner. The orthodox tube with needles is very good for this purpose; but a similar result may be obtained with a small cup of petrol and a tooth-brush. Dip the tooth-brush in the petrol and apply it to the plug points; then rinse the plug in the petrol.

Only remove one plug from its



The spare tube should be properly cared for. First squeeze out all the air from inside the tube as in picture on left; then replace valve and cover same with cotton wool and fold as depicted in picture on right. The final fold, held together by a stout rubber band, is illustrated in the centre picture, when it can be carried without risk of damage.

cylinder at a time, as it is essential that each ignition wire should be replaced in its former position. The ignition wires supply the spark in proper sequence and, consequently, must not be altered.

If a clean engine shows an inclination to pre-ignite, it probably denotes that the wrong type of plug is being used.

The plug should be changed for one with a thicker central electrode, which will not so readily become incandescent.

On Spare Wheels.

It is very advisable to protect spare wheels by a strong, waterproof canvas cover.

Not only are the tyres subjected to weather vagaries, but they also suffer from the effects of water when the car is hosed down during the cleansing process. Of course the ultra-careful car owner removes his spare wheel during this operation, but this precaution is not taken in the majority of cases.

And, apart from these factors, it must be remembered that a cover will protect the spare tyre from the damage frequently caused by its contact with the running board.

A hint for removing an obdurate wheel may prove of service. Having jacked up the car to the requisite height, place a box, or block of wood, underneath the axle to support the car, and remove the jack, which you will require for the forcing operation—that is, assuming a second jack is not available.

A piece of steel or a bolt about 2 in.



The first decisive effort; the final biting turn; or the turning of a screw in an inaccessible position, can be simplified by the above practical hint—a little known yet very useful method.

long and $\frac{3}{4}$ in. in diameter is then placed against the end of the axle, with the foot of the jack resting on it, the jack being held in position by a stout rope made fast to the spokes. If the power of the jack is now utilised, the most obstinate wheel will yield to the pressure.

On Car Reversing.

Possibly the most difficult branch of motor-driving to acquire is that of reversing neatly and accurately. Presumably this is accounted for by the fact that it is the manoeuvre which there is the least need to practise in the ordinary course of events. Nevertheless, the art should be perfected, and a deserted country road of normal width forms the best venue in which to make experiments.

The passage to be negotiated may be marked out by setting up two sticks in the roadway at a distance apart of about 2 ft. more than the width of the car.

Now try the straight reverse. Take the car ten yards ahead in line with the opening between the sticks, and start to reverse. You will probably find that the tracks left by the wheels are wobbly.

The result of moving the steering wheel so many inches is much greater when going backwards than when moving forward. You have been oversteering, and only practical experience can furnish the information as to how much you have erred. A second or third attempt will enable you to correct the movement.

Similar experiments can then be tried with the car placed well to the right and left of the centre opening between the sticks.

By the way, never move the steering wheel whilst the car is not in motion. It will ruin the steering mechanism.

On Punctures.

Owing to the excellent improvements which have been effected in the manufacture, tyre troubles are far less prevalent than they were a few years ago. But still they occur even to-day, as most of us know to our cost.

Consequently a few hints concerning their prevention and cure may be acceptable, more especially as the trouble is more marked in hot weather.

So far as prevention is concerned, as applied to the summer, there are a few general rules which should be observed. The car should be kept in the shade as much as possible when stationary. The air pressure in the tyres should be kept at about 10 lb. lower than in winter. See that sound air tubes are in the back-wheel tyres; and a really good cover and tube on the spare wheel.

And a rule which is applicable all the year round is to remove all the tyres every six months, so that the rims may be cleansed from rust and re-enamelled. The tyres should have any cuts filled up, and the insides thoroughly dusted with French chalk.

So much for precautions; we will now turn to actual punctures.

Remember that the offending agent which has caused the puncture may be lurking inside the cover. See that it is removed.

Have all repairs properly vulcanised. Most garages have the Harvey apparatus, which ensures the work being done properly. If you are anxious to do minor vulcanising yourself, small outfits are obtainable.



To make an emergency repair of a cracked or damaged water joint really is a simple task. Procure a length of rubber tubing—a disused inner tube provides the very thing—wrap as shown and finish the



repair by binding with tape of wire or insulation tape. As a matter of fact, a repair of this kind known to last efficiently for as six months with regular

PSYCHOLOGY AND THE CAR

By GEORGE E. GOLDIE

The relationship between psychology and the car is surprisingly close, be it theoretically, practically—or humorously! And our contributor has much to say on this truly interesting subject in each direction

PSYCHOLOGY is a most blessed word. It produces two immediate effects—one of alienating the affections of the ignorant, the other of arousing the suspicions of the wise. But it is also a most useful word. To utter or to write it fills one with buoyancy and a sense of vast intellectual superiority. It is the last word in an argument and the coup de grâce, so to speak, to all discussion. It must, of course, be pronounced correctly and with appropriate dignity. An accompanying mannerism adds tremendously to its impressiveness. A magistral raising of the eyebrows, the creasing of a learned forehead, or the slow and pompous removing of the pince-nez—or, better still, of horn-rimmed spectacles—with the solemn words "Of course, from a psychological point of view . . ." produces an overwhelming effect and complete surrender.

There is certainly no oratorical device to equal this. But what has psychology to do with a car? Everything, indeed, objectively and subjectively—to use the correct terminology. A car can move; it can go backwards, sideways and forward. It is, therefore, endowed with volition; for, psychologically speaking, nothing can move without volition. Then a car has its distinctive temperament and moods, and is even influenced by the weather. It feels the heat and cold acutely. It is alert or sluggish, and sometimes spontaneous, in its movements, and generally content in its action. Then it has grace and dignity and a noble carriage. Are not all these characteristics the concomitants of an inner life? Why, a car has physical life too! It must be lubricated with the very best castor oil, and its joints must be lubricated. It is clothed at times, though its needs, in the case of higher beings—or shall we say lower ones?—are simple in this respect. A rug or a shawl over its anterior parts seems to suffice; but, clothed or naked, it always has a bonnet.

We have come now almost unconsciously to the question of sex, which can be said, with or without Freud, to divide the problem of psychology into two distinct parts.

The mind of the driver, on the other hand, presents a more complicated problem. The driver can be said succinctly and simply to have the car

mentality. This mentality is something quite distinctive, and has its clearly defined characteristics. We are all the children of environment and circumstance, and our minds are mostly moulded by the material things around us. Let us take a few obvious examples: The gait of a policeman when he is in ordinary dress. Who cannot detect a policeman? There is a visible beat in his walk. The wonderful courtesy of a shop-walker when out of his shop and off his guard. A sudden burst of effusive civility betrays his calling. He is, at such times, the com-

AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.

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plete victim of his usual environment. The political outlook of a real pre-war soldier or the step of a real cavalry officer. Or the tedious lawyer and his pettifogging tendency to see the implications of the law in everything.

We can imagine the mind of a man who has never seen a car—let us say, the mind of an inhabitant of a remote English village. Mechanical propulsion is simply unknown to him, and consequently he has never travelled beyond a certain radius. It may be five miles or it may be ten. There may be extraordinary occasions when he exceeds that distance, as perhaps the visit of a king or the celebration of an armistice, or possibly a fair. His outlook on life, therefore, is circumscribed. He has a vague feeling that great cities do exist, just as we more cultured beings feel somehow that Troy and Carthage once existed. Someone in the village may have been to London years ago; but the recollection of the traveller's hair-raising narrative has almost faded from his memory. His is, in short, the mentality of the poor but honest rustic who has never seen a car. Every motorist who has left the beaten track knowshim.

Now, motor-cars must inevitably play a large part in the mental formation of the people. I suppose if clothes, or the lack of clothes, can influence the character of a man or woman, a motor-car can. We are influenced by what we think of most; and cars absorb a large part of modern thoughts. They—the cars—have their complex and highly scientific machinery, which must make more for the scientific development of the age than a lumbering farm-cart, although a farm horse or a prancing steed must create interest and enthusiasm in animal nature. How the coach-drivers, omnibus and cab drivers knew and loved their horses! How they gauged the psychological moment when a horse would turn or refuse to move. What a wealth of tender understanding was communicated along the reins. How the touch of the whip brought ready response from many an unwilling nag. Horses and chivalry form the historical background of feudal England—and Spain. Two Spanish words bring this out very effectively—*caballo* and *caballero*.

I suppose the revolution in methods of transit is as great as any of the many drastic changes of the last hundred years. There is not much in common between a horse and a car except, perhaps, the stabling and their common purpose, and it is only reasonable to suppose that the effects of such a change will be proportionate. It is perhaps a little too early to note them.

Before examining more closely the relationship of psychology and motoring it would be well at this stage to dispose of the physical effects of motoring. The mind is greater than the body, so that we may well leave it for later and greater consideration.

Now, the conduct of a car produces several very marked anatomical effects. First and foremost it produces atrophy of the lower members, just as a long state of coma renders the muscles useless. This atrophy of the lower members will not be without influence on the evolution of the species; and in order to avoid endless scientific discussions in future ages as to the original purpose of legs we would be rendering a service to science to place definitely on record that the universal use of a car is causing rapid atrophy of those members which were formerly

used for that peculiar method of progression known as walking. Such foresight on the part of our ancestors might have saved much speculation as to the origin of the appendix. Secondly, motoring is producing curvature of the spine; and, unfortunately, a longer steering column could only produce rigidity of the spine. So, of the two evils perhaps curvature of the spine is the better. At all events, some, including Darwin, would say that it is merely an approximation to type. Thirdly, motoring must produce an elongation and over-development of the arms, caused of course by constant signalling and the stretching to the levers. This elongation would, obviously, increase the approximation to which we have just referred.

Another effect of motoring is to sharpen the faculty of seeing and rapid focusing. Practice makes perfect, and it is the constant use of the senses which keeps them serviceable, and the senses adapt themselves readily to circumstances. Whereas in former years we could contemplate the landscape in a leisurely way, and almost measure with our eyes the magnitude of things, or study the meaning and majesty of nature, now we must keep both eyes wide open and on the keenest watch.

It is perhaps too early at this stage of motoring history to say whether the car is, on the whole, productive of a finer or of a lower type of man. Evolution is the longest of processes, and motoring is after aviation the latest form of locomotion. The approximation to type, however, does show which way the wind is blowing, and is a disconcerting tendency, to say the least of it. Nevertheless, it is not without its consolations. If legs are no longer needed, there is really no valid objection to their atrophy or gradual disappearance. Their retention in the human anatomy might be of academic, though of no practical, interest. At all events there is the question of boot leather.

Boot leather and petrol cannot be consumed concurrently without grave financial consequences. As for the curvature of the spine, that is perhaps a crude way of expressing quite an ordinary evolutionary phenomenon, namely, adaptation to surroundings or environment. And after all there is no need for alarm. The noble and traditional sport of hunting produced bow-legs. And who would say that bow-legs and gaiters and a ruddy, rural complexion denote degeneracy of the race? Bull-fighting, horse-racing and every sport or pastime produce very definite physical effects. The main outlines of the human body remain more or less the same, and have remained the same for very many years. The body must change its shape and characteristics completely before it forfeits its title to the human form.

It remains to remark in this connection that if motoring is a man's pursuit, then his physique and faculties will undergo certain changes in order to adapt themselves to this pursuit, which will cease to be a pursuit the moment it makes claims which exceed the adaptability of the human body. This is very simple and logical, for men must be masters of machines or they would soon be exterminated.

We come now to the deeper discussion of the influence of motoring on the mind, or, in other words, we return to our original words—psychology and the car. This is obviously an alarming problem. It would be more alarming still if we had not already referred to the influences of environment and material things on human beings. Had we not already put the problem in this perspective we would have been obliged to leave it unsolved, on the grounds that there can be no comparison of contraries and that there are no points of similarity between things which are totally dissimilar. We cannot compare a triangle with a vulgar fraction. At least I suppose not. Axioms must

remain unchanged or there can be no basis to anything. But we must be very cautious in our assertions. Einstein's theory of relativity has great possibilities. It may, for all I know, prove that what is straight is really round, and that white is blue and black.

But putting Einstein and satyr gently on one side, it is quite true to say that motoring is productive of friendship. The feeling of having a common destination, or at least of travelling along the same road, seems to engender immediate sympathy. Who has not experienced an incipient affection for a man for the mere reason that he is going in the same direction as oneself? There are many trivial circumstances in life which impress our common humanity upon us far more than the wise discourses of great philosophers. Let us imagine, for example, that the Lord Chancellor of England broke a bootlace and had to stoop to repair the catastrophe, or that he went out on Saturday afternoons in a two-seater car. How vividly we would see that he was after all merely a man, and that his ermine gown can but ill conceal those characteristics of body and mind which we all share.

A car, of course, is not the only thing that produces friendship, but if cars have produced one jot or tittle more friendship and friendly rivalry than existed before their invention, they have amply vindicated themselves, and we could well leave any other psychological effects of motoring alone. After all, it is isolation that has always bred distrust and suspicion. It is the lack of the knowing of one another that produces individual animosity and racial enmity. It is increased facilities of locomotion that will bring us all into contact with one another, and that, provided we respect the beauty and amenities of country life, it is all to the good that we should leave the cities and seek the charm of the open road.



Illustrating a Cubitt owner in difficulties—being towed across "Webster's Drift," Umtamvuna River, bordering Pondoland and East Griqualand en route to Grosvenor Camp.

The peril of Substitution

Husband's Story.

Mr Garbett, husband of the deceased and driver of the car, appeared with his head bandaged. He said he had the car in September, 1923. The car went perfectly until the last bit of Countisbury Hill. That was about 100 yards from where it crashed. He always used his low gear on hills, and he had not his brakes on until the last portions of this hill, and then found the car gaining speed, and he was unable to pull up, though the brakes acted slightly at first. He tried to reverse, but it seemed to have no effect.

The brakes were readjusted before he left home, and he was amazed to find that the brake linings taken out by Mr Cook were not Ferodo. He had this material put in by his brother-in-law some time ago in his presence. Since then, however, the car had been in another garage for other repairs, but he had given no instructions for anything to be done to the brakes.

Perfectly Safe If—

The Coroner said they had reason to be thankful they were not holding an inquest on more than one person. They were all agreed that Countisbury Hill was perfectly safe if they approached it in a proper manner. If people came too fast, and did not get into low gear, brakes burnt out, and an accident was inevitable.

Returning a verdict of "Accidental death without blame attached to anyone," the jury considered the signs on the hill insufficient and misleading. They implored that action should be taken immediately to remedy this.

The jury regretted, and felt very strongly, that Ferodo linings on the brakes had been exchanged for ~~other~~ linings. This must have been done at the garage where the car was overhauled, unknown to the owner. The Coroner agreed with the verdict, and promised to forward their observations to the proper quarters.

AV ENGINE TESTS.

The attached newspaper cutting needs no explanation other than that it is part of the report of the Coroner's inquest on the Countisbury accident, taken from the "Western Daily Press" of May 30th, 1925.

We publish it to stress the fact that Ferodo Friction Linings are of such proved quality and efficiency that the substitution of an inferior brake lining leads to unnecessary risk.

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A261

WILL YOU KINDLY MENTION *The* MOTOR OWNER WHEN REPLYING TO ADVERTISERS

July, 1925

In club or golf house, theatre foyer or race-course, owners discourse on the merits and demerits of their favourite cars.

Design is mercilessly criticised, performance facts recounted, and good indeed is the car which emerges from the discussion with a substantial majority "in favour."

But the name Austin is acknowledged as standing for all that is best in build and soundest in design.

The Austin owner shares the "cachet" of dis-



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crimination. His motor ing opinions are accepted as "founded upon fact." Such is Austin reputation—hard won by the unfailing excellence of every Austin model. "Seven," "Twelve," or

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—ask an Austin Owner

Write to the Works for the new Austin Seven Booklet, publication No. 508

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MATTERS OF FEMININE INTEREST

Ascot fashions, attractive toques and picture hats, warm weather frocks and the latest Paris creations

THERE is surely no month in the year when the car is so indispensable to the woman of to-day as in July. The season is over, and there are only two matters of real importance left—sales and holidays! The sales are placed first because they have often to be taken in "tabloid" form on the eve of our dash for liberty. Generally speaking, there are two ways of achieving success at the sales,



An attractive model hat in fancy green and white straw, lined and trimmed petersham. Also in self-coloured straws.

dependent upon individual temperament. Some women are at their very best when they have hardly a moment to spare. They fly into a shop, make instantaneous and unerring decisions and emerge triumphantly, having had time to buy nothing that they did not want! On the other hand, there are



A unique and becoming model in fine straw with multi-coloured embroidery appliqué. The shape gives added effect.



A clever and effective design by "Edith Evans" done in black and white which was seen at Ascot last month.

some who can watch for days, waiting for the price of some specially coveted possession to come down, and then step in at the eleventh hour and, by some marvellous stroke of fortune or genius, secure it.

There are so many undercurrents going on in the world of fashion that this season we need to be more than usually wise in purchasing with an eye to the early autumn. As far as frocks are concerned, however, there are some definite features that will undoubtedly remain in favour for some months. Sleeves will be almost absent, or full length, and there is in Paris a greater inclination to décolletage in evening gowns, though there is nothing very extreme. The yoke, like the bolero, promises to be with us in various

phases for a considerable time, but the jabot will probably wane earlier, partly through the popularity that it will achieve on seaside frocks, to which it gives a very charming and unsophisticated freshness. By the way, the circular, as opposed to the pleated jabot, has much to recommend it for holiday purposes, as it is infinitely easier for a maid to launder, if a cleaner is not available for repleating.



In black Bengal, trimmed ribbon velvet and cross osprey mount. This and opposite hat are by Bradleys, Chepstow Place, Ltd.

We are likely to hear more of a vogue for ribbons. They may be worn in long streamers hanging the full length of a gown down the back, or even suggesting something of a fringe or pleated effect at the sides of a skirt. An invaluable possession for a country house visit is a black evening frock,



A charming hat carried out in flowered georgette with bow trimming of faille. Both lower hats are by Maison Lewis.

and for July there could hardly be a more charming expression of the idea than a lace gown that may be worn either over a black slip or a flesh pink—or even white.

Chantilly lace over black georgette may boast a bolero corsage, the fulness of the skirt drawn to the sides, or be left with a plain back and the fulness kept apron-wise to the front. Dainty freshness becomes almost the first virtue of a lace gown, and the possession of a lady's maid greatly prolongs its life.

With the short frock the art of walking becomes doubly important; all drapery depends upon the movement of the wearer for its effect, and it would



Large shaded hats were all the vogue at Ascot. Here is one—a white crinoline with red silk ribbon trimming, scarf and flowers to match.

seem as if knees were likely to be as much *en évidence* as ankles in the case of the *jupe trottoir*. Needless to say, garters are receiving greater attention than ever, and should be chosen to harmonise with the colour scheme of the various gowns with which they may be worn. Garters have even become essential with the bathing attire of most people, whether they wear stockings or not; and most entertaining little rubber garters in gay colours and designs tempt us to a variety of them. They should of course be chosen with the hat to match, and little rubber shoes are comfortable for walking to and from the water. A terry cloth dressing gown is delightfully cosy to slip on after bathing, but if space in the luggage prohibits the luxury, a pleasant alternative is a bright-coloured mackintosh cloak. With all bathing gowns a soutien gorge is a valuable asset, both from the point of view of *chic* and comfort.

In the case of the more expensive bathing costumes the Canadian one-piece idea has given place to a two-piece dress, of tunic and trousers, often of



Two delightful Paris creations take the form of 1—a robe of crepe marocain, collar and front effect in crepe georgette, with buttons to match and—



2, a robe of crepe de chine, with a delightful black and white square effect printed thereon. The buckle belt gives a neat finishing touch.

quite different colour and material. The trousers are generally self-coloured, and the tunic may be striped, printed of all-over design or plain. The trousers are on the long side and the tunic on the short, with straight legs like football shorts, and devoid of any trimming. They are most satisfactory if held up by shoulder straps of their own material, which has quite superseded the old-fashioned "tie round the waist."

Talking of two-piece schemes, there is nothing so practical for a motoring holiday, and for between-season wear. Two different gowns may be arranged to go with one coat, one of course



Here also is another attractive picture hat seen at Ascot—a cyclamen crinoline straw, exquisitely trimmed with shaded silk velvet roses

being arranged to match the coat lining and the other to go with the colouring of the coat itself. Blue is attaining increasing popularity, though it will be seen in darker shades as the summer wanes. Blue as a whole is better suited to British complexions than the darker colouring of the French women, and the fact may have something to say for the long absence of this becoming colour from fashion. Shaded materials are attractive for evening wear, and are made without other trimming than pleats, tucks, or draped skirts.

The one-bar shoe has given place to the court shoe, but with variations from the shapes and designs that went by that name. All sorts of work leather is subtly contrived to decorate the vamp, and for stronger shoes the court shape has strapping of contrasting colour or leather, or broad facings. These have taken the place of the erstwhile buckle or laced shoe. Heels have asserted themselves, and a "high cuban" is usual for street wear, while the Louis delights our hearts for evening purposes.

NEVER DO THIS, PLEASE



HARRISON CADDY

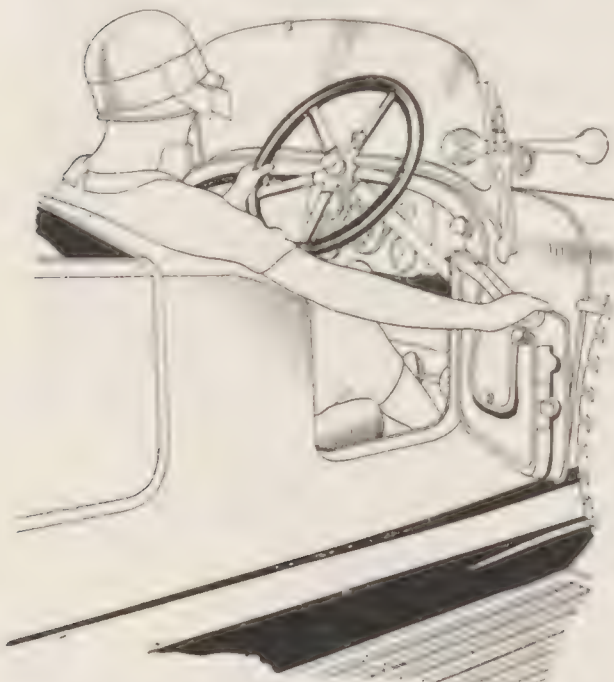
THE TWO-LITRE CHENARD WALCKER

This attractive sports car, built by a firm of many years' experience, is all that a fast car should be — reliable, speedy and safe

THAT the demand for Sports (or Speed) cars, whatever the make, is increasing, really is not at all surprising. Is not the desire for speed, more speed, and still more speed ever to the fore? What prospective purchaser of a car to-day forgets to ask of the salesman the question, "What can she do on the road?"

The reply "Fifty miles per hour, sir," used once to thrill. Not now, however, for this common figure is gradually being replaced by the gratification of these speed desires to the extent of "A guaranteed 70 m.p.h., sir," and even more!

The next outstanding feature to the

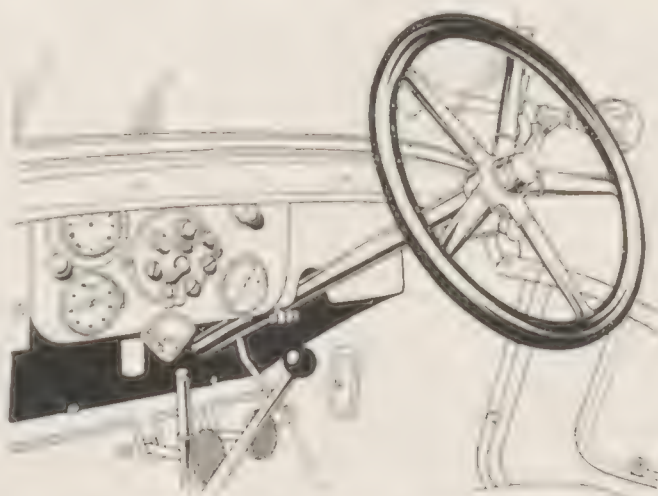


The lines of the Chenard Walcker sports body have been well thought-out. Note the slope in line with the driver's arm, the unobstructed movement for entering and leaving the driving seat, and the specially designed windscreen.

mind of the modern buyer is "Safety." Thus automatically comes the question "Are the brakes sufficiently powerful to bring the car to a standstill quickly from any speed?" And the usual answer to this all-important query is especially where makers have reputations at stake, to the effect that "the brakes are of a pattern where their efficiency has been tested and proved."

The foregoing imaginary, yet commonplace, dialogue admirably exemplifies the vast progress made in modern automobile practice. But it also provides a very striking characterisation of the Two-Litre Sports Chenard Walcker car.

While this particular model was introduced only last year, it has been



Mounted on a special panel, all the necessary instruments — clock, speedometer, oil gauge, throttle setting and the engine and lamp switches — are fitted in a direct line with the driver's eye. Brake and gear-change levers are centrally placed.

produced by a firm of pioneer and vast automobile experience, acquired over a period of more than 30 years. Little wonder, then, that the Two-Litre Chenard Walcker is a car of many outstanding good features.

It has a maximum speed of 72 m.p.h. with remarkable powers of speedy acceleration; gear changing—there are four speeds forward and a reverse—is a simple operation, while the brakes, light in application, give powerful and reliable retardation.

This feature, however, deserves a special comment. Unlike most cars, there are no brakes mounted on the rear wheels; the Chenard Walcker method being a combined braking action on the front wheels (Perrott

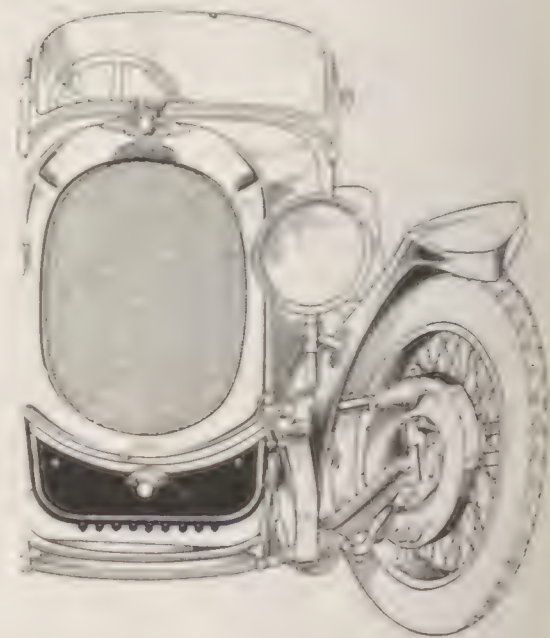


It is a very simple matter indeed to inspect, or attend to, the batteries, as they are housed in a special compartment on the near side running board—most accessible.

system) and on the transmission design which we found on our test to be delightfully reliable, also to eliminate all risk of skidding.

Full depression of the clutch operates the transmission brake, while the hand lever operates on the front wheels only. The hand lever is designed that it automatically rises after use, unless the knob is depressed, thus bringing the ratchet into action. The foot pedal operates the front wheel brakes and the Servo motor, so that there are three independent brakes.

The specification, briefly, is as follows: R.A.C. rating 12 h.p.; 4 cylinders (69.5 mm. by 130 mm.), overhead valves



The brakes on the Chenard Walcker are of the famous Perrott design, in conjunction with the Hallot Servo system and transmission brake, acting on all four wheels. Note the general stream-line appearance of the mudguards and body.

and camshaft; lubrication is pumped forced to all main bearings, while cooling is by the thermo-syphon system. The clutch, of the single disc type, is Ferodo lined.

In the matter of performance we found the car to hold the road remarkably well at all speeds, with no period of that unpleasant vibration so common with many speed models. Hill climbing is a delight, little use being found for the gear-ratios lower than third.

In conclusion, at the price of £350 and with its many pleasing features—comfort, high speeds, absolute safety and an economical upkeep—the Two-Litre Sports Chenard Walcker is a proposition of more than ordinary attraction.



Of unusual yet quite efficient design—a powerful engine and chassis, a distinctive stream-lined body; front wheel and transmission brakes only — the Chenard-Walcker is a car of outstanding good merit.

THROUGH JUNGLE ROADS TO LOST CITIES

By A. PEAKE

The writer takes us motoring in beautiful Ceylon, and gives a vivid description of its coloursome beauties and ancient civilisation

HAVE you ever motored through the jungle?—with strings of monkeys swinging on great palms; golden jungle fowl, terrified of your devil engine, hiding their shining beauty in the bush. Lover of the road, come with me to Ceylon. Have you ever seen the amazing glory of red and white lotus on grand silver stretches of water; great butterflies, red and white and black; magnificent scenery; rock and precipice; wooded hills and flowers—a riot of flowers? Lover of beauty, come with me to Ceylon. Would you see great herds of wild buffalo and elephant? Would you shoot leopard, cheetah, wild boar, deer? Would you see ruins of unimaginable age and unsurpassed interest and beauty? Still come with me to Ceylon.

Let us take that wonderful trip from Colombo via Kandy—with a car that likes hills, for the first part of the going is stiff—to Anuradhapura, an ancient and royal city, founded and flourishing in the year 500 B.C. There are no adequate words for its wonders and beauty, as you will see for yourself when we get there.

Many people, in motoring from Colombo to Anuradhapura, take the direct way via Kurunegala, but we will go via Kandy, which it were a sin to miss. It is about thirty miles more to travel, but the road is better. Its magnificent ruins, among them the ancient Temple of the Tooth, and fairylike gardens, are worthy of a whole epic to themselves; and *en route* we must see the Pierced Rock, concerning which the Kings of Kandy believed the prophecy that whosoever should pierce this rock would be conquerors of Kandy. The British fulfilled it—they made a road through, and they conquered Kandy.

From this lovely city, then, an early start on a perfect morning, delicious and dew-drenched; a winding road and good

withal, requiring skill in the steering, for there are steepish inclines and sudden bends. Masses of flowers, white, mauve and scarlet; wooded gorges, tropical trees, among them the wonderful talipot palm. A magnificent and beneficent fellow this, for besides his wonderful flower—after the rare production of which he begins to decay—his leaves are used as umbrellas. They are V-shaped, and fold up most conveniently, like a fan. We shall meet many wayfarers who bear them, from school children to monks. Many of the former wear nothing else. From the talipot leaf, too, were made the only kind of books known to Ceylon for hundreds of years.

Once across the great river Mahawelliganga, we run through miles of plantations—tea, coffee, cocoa, rubber—with native workers, whose picturesque costumes, the women in brightly coloured *saris* and with huge earrings, add to the fascination of the scene. We reach Matalé, which, besides being a great cattle centre, claims one of the largest bazaars in the province. As we motor through this little hub a kaleidoscopic picture is presented at every turn by the motley crowd, who

live their lives and carry on their avocations almost entirely in full view of the audience. Exteriors of houses and stalls hide nothing from the public eye. The native bazaar has an almost indescribable charm and variety; and over all is the high sunlight. Early in the year the climate is so wonderful that one has to come back to England properly to appreciate Ceylon.

But "onward" is our motto, to Dambulla, where we have done roughly forty-five miles of the journey to our wonder-city. There is rest and food to be got here, quite good and sufficient; and there are five cave temples, which are well worth the climb over a great dark rock, and then through sweet-scented blossomed trees. There is, everywhere, a gorgeous view. The first of the temples has a huge recumbent statue of Buddha, forty odd feet long, cut out of the solid rock, and the soles of his feet are carved with lotus flowers. On the rock face by the door is an inscription which tells of the virtues of one King Nissanka, who, seeing why the good should be intended with one's bones, wrote in advance many plaudits to his own merits.

These temples are as ancient, probably, as the foundation of the Buddhist religion in Ceylon. In 104 B.C. King Wimala gambahu hid in the rock for sixteen years, after which protracted rest he returned to his throne. There are some extremely interesting frescoes here, too, including some of Vishnu, and the planting of the Bo-tree, which sacred marvel we shall see at Anuradhapura.

We continue. The road is good and its pictures a delightful jungle and gorge, flowers, creeping, climbing, flaunting blooms. We are not taking the straight road to our objective because by adding twelve miles or so to our journey we can see Sigiriya, on the Trincomalee Road. One sees



The Pierced Rock. An old prophecy is credited with the statement that whosoever pierced it would rule Kandy. Curiously enough the road is British work!

you will never forget Sigiriya—a great granite rock rising, bare and brusque, many hundred feet from a world of jungle. In itself a wonder sufficient, but on top of this, one King Kaspaya, of the fifth century, feeling intense hatred of a stronghold from a brother's just wrath, built him a palace—a feat of engineering that would be a marvel even to-day.

The height does not upset you, climb the steps. At the top of the first worn flight is what is called the Audience Hall. It is a poem of beauty, a riot of ferns and flowers, pink, white, yellow, with here and there great lumps of rock breaking through the bloom. A carpet of flowers, and maybe a glimpse of the brilliant Ceylon Bird of Paradise. . . . But we are motoring in fairyland all the time. From the great gallery may be seen a shallow cave, with frescoes. This is not accessible to visitors, but a wonderful reproduction has been made by one devoted Perera, of the Survey, who, by lying on his back on a scaffolding to get a view of these priceless murals of the past, spent nineteen months fighting flies, fever and the west monsoon that we others might have a true idea of the originals. These copies are at Colombo.

To reach the top of this gigantic ruin, iron ladders must be climbed. Let not the timid do this, but for the bold heart it is a task magnificently worth while, not only for the sake of the panorama, but because Kaspaya's stand, as befits the whole, is here. In this spot, with a view of the outermost limits of the city, the King ruled, and here, too, watched, without a doubt, for that avenging army which, after eighteen years, came at last.

There are many more marvels here, but, though we may be our slave, the place is an inexorable master. We must leave Sigiriya and the parricide who will reward our journey. We will go to Anuradhapura, via Polonnaruwa, another treasure house of old civilisations, and a city of the jungle. It is forty odd miles, through glades and shade, and under the shadow of the mighty mountain. As usual, we start early, and all is delicious. . . . There are no words for the delight of

it. Don't be surprised to see a jackal running along the road. Monkeys will surely swing over your head. Later on, when the evening falls and the sky is dusky-rich of hue, they will look like little black devils in the trees. We are in a famous hunting country now, as I promised you. Bears, leopards, elk, deer—there is a close season for these last-named—amongst others; also partridge, teal and many other birds. The shooting is regulated by the Government, and the price of licences varies according to what you want to shoot. *En route* we see Minneriya, one of the largest lakes in Ceylon, the haunt of wild birds and animals who go there to drink. The shores are wooded, and the whole wide extent of water, silver and blue in the sunlight, cannot be seen at once. It was made by King Maha Sena, A.D. 275!

Now back to our own road, for Minneriya is a mile out of it. Before reaching Polonnaruwa we pass some of the most famous ruins, among them the high-standing Temple of Thuparama. Indeed, although Polonnaruwa has fewer antiquities than Anuradhapura, there are amongst them some absolutely unique specimens. The Floral Altar and the Lotus Bath are such. There are many people whose love for these two wonder cities is so divided that they know not to which they have given the greater share of their devotion. If you love the remote, Polonnaruwa will tug at your heart-strings for many a long day. You shall see here antiquities of such

originality and beauty as are unique in the whole world. For one, the magnificent Hindoo Temple, Thuparama, and the *Wata-Dagé*, which means Circular Relic House. Of marvellous design and indescribably lovely colour—the work of centuries—it is a sight to fill the beholder with wonder and awe. It was probably built by Parakrama the Great, and there could be no worthier spot upon which to give him our meditations, for he was most truly termed “the Great.” As organiser, thinker, warrior and ruler his history is a thrilling and inspiring epic. While yet a child he destined his life to the reunion of the ancient kingdom, and dreamed of the day when he should send the invader “packing forth from door,” and with this ideal in view he studied science, art, religion, all forms of knowledge that might serve him in years to come. Of his deeds of valour, his greatness of character, his triumphs and his charm of personality there is no space to tell. “He attained all his aims” were a fine epitaph, for they were great ones, and for his people's benefit. In many ways one might compare him with our Alfred the Great, than whom he lived about two hundred years later. If a people gets the ruler it deserves, his must indeed have deserved well!

On the road to the Potgul Monastery one comes suddenly upon a huge and very striking statue, eleven feet high, hewn out of the face of the rock. The effect is quite startling, and although its identity has never been solved it is too remarkable a work to be omitted.

It is thought to represent some ancient religious teacher from the continent of India.

In 1820 there was found under the rubbish of centuries the famous Lion Statue, once the throne of that Nissanka who loved to inscribe to himself. This enormous work was removed to Colombo Museum, and one wonders how it was achieved! In a little Hindoo temple were discovered, too, some marvellous bronze statues, amongst them a beautiful one of Siva as the “Cosmic Dancer,” a treasure of art.

Famous throughout the whole Buddhist world is the *Gal-vihara*, a rock-hewn shrine where lies a gigantic figure of Buddha, 44 feet long, with that of his disciple,



A typical Cingalese hut made of bamboo. The luxuriant vegetation surrounding it is characteristic of the beautiful island.

Ananda, 23 feet high, standing by. Farther on there is another Buddha, seated. The suggestion of power and life in the first two is little short of miraculous, the peaceful rest of the god making a striking contrast to the poignant grief of Ananda. By this shrine, picture many kneeling worshippers, chanting low and solemnly, and anointing the Buddha with water. . . . There is a spirit about the scene which must leave even the most indifferent person hushed and wondering.

We must see now the Lotus Bath, though it means a little difficulty, for it is an uncanny and difficult spot, hidden in thick jungle growth. Quite suddenly, through the dense bush, and boughs that just manage to hit one's face, one comes upon it, lying in a basin cut out of the sheer jungle wood. It takes away the breath, this marvellous flower in stone, a living poem in the sunlight, a miracle of artistic conception and execution. It is, of course, a work of great age, built, in fact, by the same King Parakrama, but it was discovered comparatively recently. It is no less than 24 feet in diameter, and a perfect specimen of art.

But, wrench though it be, we must tear ourselves away from it. After all, there are wonders, too, at Anuradhapura. . . . So back to the car and the open road, brother.

It is impossible to do justice to Anuradhapura, though one piled superlative upon superlative; and the run thereto is gorgeous. One marvels that this sacred city, founded before Buddhism was established in the island, and for eleven centuries its capital, should be so little known to English travellers. Many people believe that when they have dashed through Colombo and Kandy they have seen Ceylon! We behold, approaching it in perfect sunlight, wide grassy parkland, shaded by spreading rain-trees—so-called because their leaves fold together o' nights, and, opening in the morning, pour dew on the heads of the passers-by. Soon we come upon exquisite and mighty ruins—for this was a city as big as London is now—and the wonderful lake of Tissa Wewa is seen through the trees. Then the Peacock Palace, and the Brazen Palace, one of the eight Sacred Places of Anuradhapura. Built in the second century B.C., this latter, as described in ancient writings, must have been dazzling in its splendour. Nine storeys high, it was covered with gleaming brazen tiles, while its rooms

were festooned with gems and gold. The gilt hall, supported on gold pillars, was hung with pearls, and in the centre was an ivory throne, with the sun in gold, the moon in silver, and the stars in pearls. It would seem that human nature was "house proud" all those centuries ago, for this wonder-palace was furnished with chairs and sofas of the most exotic, and pricelessly carpeted.

It is interesting to learn, in these days when despotism is changing hands, that King Dutugemunu, at whose word the Brazen Palace was built, decided, contrary to custom, to pay his workmen! He inspired also the relic house of Ruanweli, and again insisted upon paying his employees. But we read that many secret attempts were made by workmen and monks to contribute unpaid labour, that they might gain "merit." However, the kingly employer frustrated these surreptitious attempts, and forced all to take payment. Compare this with the spirit of to-day, and need we vaunt our civilisation?

Dearly must Dutugemunu have loved these great buildings, for when he lay dying he was carried to a spot where he could gaze on Ruanweli and the Brazen Palace, and it is written that he was "filled with joy." The very stone whereon he lay is still shown. But now squirrels and lizards come and are gone in the grey forest of 1,600

monoliths which are the remains of the Brazen Palace. . . . The Temple of the Tooth is chiefly interesting on account of the romantic story of the Sacred Tooth, once housed in an inner shrine. It is said to have been obtained from the funeral pyre of Buddha by one Khema, and brought to Ceylon concealed in the hair of a princess. So precious was this relic that it was always carried away, for safety, during raids and alarms. Although rarely to be seen by Europeans, there is a model of the Tooth in the Colombo Museum. It is two inches in length and as thick as a little finger!

Close by is Thuparama, very sacred as the original shrine of the sacred "Collar-bone." One small portion of the interior is said to be as old as, or older than, anything to be found in the whole of India itself. This dagaba is another of the Eight Sacred Places, and was built in the reign of King Tissa, B.C. Its decoration seems to have interested several kings. We learn that Agghabodi VI made for it a cover of gold and silver, and Sena IV "made a door of pure gold for the relic house of Thuparama." One supposes there were no cat-burglars there!

And, lastly, to one of the most impressive wonders of a wonderful city. We drive down the Sacred Road, where for countless centuries passed the feet of unnumbered pilgrims, the sick, the blind and the strong, all eager to be healed of ills bodily or other, for it is the road that leads to one of the wonders of the world, the Sacred Bo Tree, so old that compared with it the oldest tree is a child in the nursery. It is over two thousand years old. Think! Since the time before Christ this tree has been tended and surrounded by worship and prayer. A falling leaf from it is accounted a great treasure. Climb up to it, four terraces high, the air heavy with the scent of Temple-tree flowers; many vendors of lotus buds by the portals. A statue of Buddha sits by the old wooden lintel, and at the outer entrance many devout ones are chanting and bowing. There is a narrow walk round this living marvel, though one may not enter the inner rail that guards it. It would seem that the Bo Tree is like to fulfil the prophecy which says that it would "Flourish and be green forever."

So also will the marvels of the beauty of Ceylon, of which we have no more than touched the fringe, dwell in your memory, fellow-traveller.

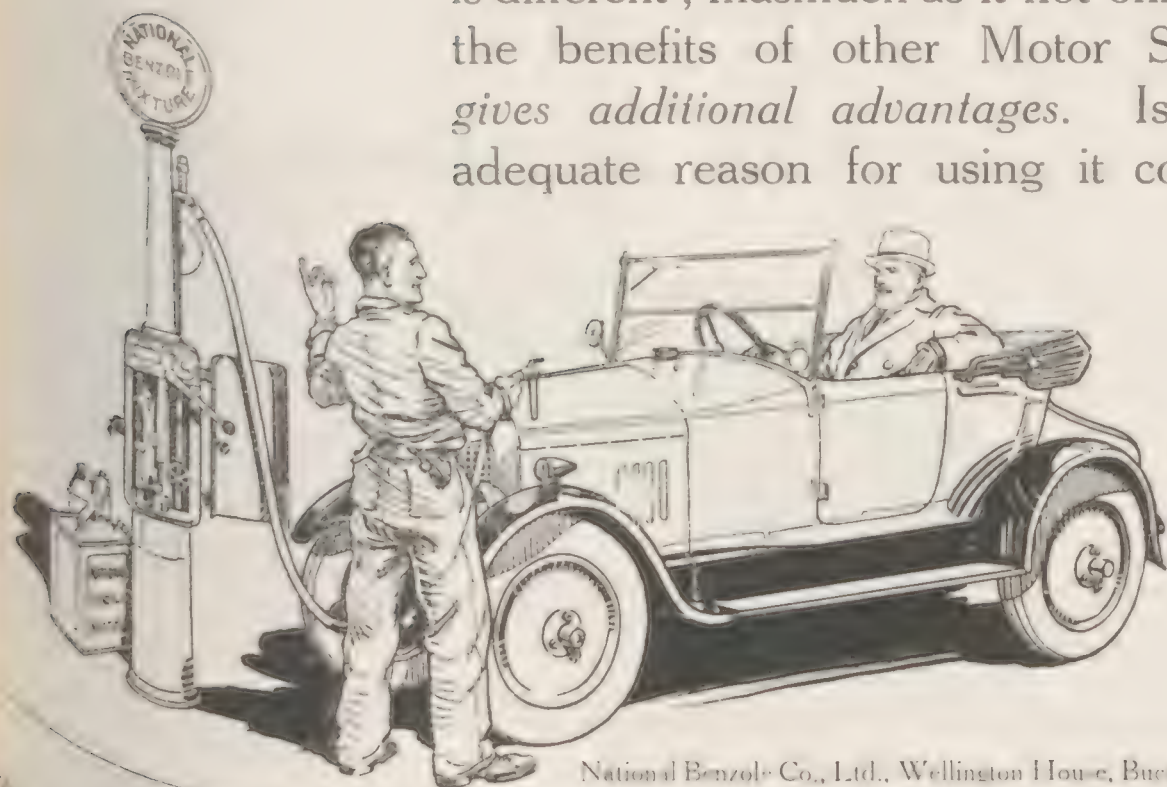


A statue, 11 feet high, carved out of the solid rock. It probably represents some Indian religious teacher.

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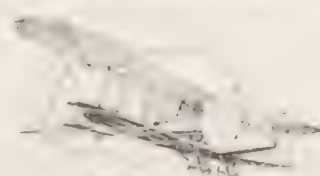


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MARDALE—A BEAUTIFUL BACKWATER

Ken Wood has been preserved for the nation; the churchyard of Stoke Pages, Stoke of the immortal Elegy and its contiguous acres, too, has passed into the hands of the National Trust; yet one of the most picturesque corners of England's north-western Lakeland, Mardale, has been condemned for all time—to give way to a reservoir for the supply of Manchester's drinking water.

So marvellous Mardale is to be drowned, submerged by an expanse of water to slake the thirst of Manchester's millions! Thus will disappear from the map for ever that which is admittedly a glorious corner of one of England's most treasured beauty spots.

What would Wordsworth have said? What would James Thomson, the artist, who drew all his inspiration from this tract of country, say? What would other of the old Lake poets have said?

Not yet, however, will Mardale disappear. Scarcely in this decade will it be but a memory. The while Mardale lives and breathes its usual life: for a few years yet the car owner may seek at this "backwater in Lakeland," as it has been termed—and find it.

One may go there as an inn lover, or in search of that individualistic scenery and beauty of landscape which, in its own form, only the Lakes can reveal. In vain we try to find Mardale. There are those who have returned to the poets' country for ten or twenty years who cannot say just where Mardale lies. Truly is it a backwater. For the help of the motorist, it may be said that Mardale lies on the direct way from Derby and Wigan to Carlisle and the north.

In this, the walker and the climber's paradise, it is easier to find those ways than by road. The only ways of the motorist are by way of Penrith or Shap, both of which routes converge on Bampton. The distances are respectively fifteen and twenty miles.

To leave the big noises of the city behind, to escape the dust and clamour of the much-frequented Lake main roads, to slip into the quiet opening between Burn Banks and Naddle Forest, to the quiet seclusion of Mardale is indeed to penetrate the heart of the district. A number of priceless

relics and memories will inevitably "go down for the third time" when Manchester's reservoir comes to Mardale. The centuries-old Dun Bull Inn will, so to speak, be "full fathom five beneath the wave."

True, this picturesque old hostelry will be reconstituted where there will be no reservoir, yet to the thousands who cherish its atmosphere and the claim of its antiquity it will not be the same Dun Bull. Erected at the summit of the Rigg—a meeting point of all the tracks hereabouts—it may even be called the Rest House.

For close on a hundred years the annual Shepherds' Meet, accompanied by sport, has been celebrated at the Dun Bull. A good day's hunting with the Ullswater—led by Joe Bowman, one of the most famous huntsmen of the dales since the time of John Peel—and huntsmen, shepherds, visitors, sheepdogs, and terriers repair to the ancient tavern for a hearty meal. Songs are sung—everyone is expected to sing at least one—rollicking choruses are joyously and exuberantly taken up, shepherds beat the tables with their sticks, and, in short, the Dun Bull on this November night of nights, assuredly "finds itself," and abundantly relives that spirit of gay abandon which was ever an integral part of the old English tavern. The huntsman has been known to sing

hunting songs as late as—or as early as—two o'clock in the morning, and yet be afieled with the hounds as fresh as the rest of them seven hours later!

Yet, perforce, the leading attraction of this secluded dale is the grandeur of its scenery, the restfulness and the majesty of the 'scapes that so generously abound on every hand. When he has passed Bampton and Thornthwaite, and is between Burn Banks and Naddle Forest, the motorist will come upon a truly charming stretch of country. Blackthorn, hawthorn, mountain ash, dwarf willow, gorse, bramble, and the wild raspberry—he will see all these scattered around.

Beyond Burn Banks, and at the bend in the road by the boathouse, the Low Water of the Lake and the far-off hills come of a sudden into full view. Thence, as the lake winds and bends, so does the road, never more than a few yards distant, the view ever changing till, by way of the High Water, the yard of the Dun Bull is reached. It is country that is worth many a mile of travel to see and roam amongst.

The peregrine motorist may be surprised to discover, so enclosed and confined is this part of the dale, that from November to February—or for four whole months—sunshine is an unknown blessing at the Dun Bull. But, "when summer comes . . ."

Then the heather lands—one of the beauty spots of Mardale—the wild, predatory stags, magnificent in their precipitate flight, and the unforgettable mirage on the still lake at sunset. The waters can be so placid that every tree and every rock will be faithfully mirrored, in a regular spate of colour, to the watcher above.

Just about as many years as one can number on the fingers of one's hand, and Mardale and its riches for the traveller and the tourist will be no more. The next generation will talk about the flood that overtook the district, the times that were, and the inn that was silenced!



The Centuries Old Dun Bull Inn.

COMMON LAND AND MOTOR PICNICS

By A BARRISTER-AT-LAW

Doubts and discussion have been raised recently in the contemporary motoring press concerning the effect of Lord Birkenhead's famous and far-reaching Law of Property Act which begins to operate next year. It has been stated that this statute will curtail to a great degree the motoring picnic which is becoming a popular diversion for motorists

ON technical grounds such fears are justified; the motor picnic, involving as it does the driving of motor cars on to commons and public spaces, and perhaps also the lighting of fires, will certainly infringe the Law of Property Act when it comes into force. But whether in actual fact any real difference will take place in the administration of commons and open spaces can be judged from the state of the law now existing, under which a motor picnic is in nearly every case undeniably and undoubtedly illegal. All that the Law of Property Act does is to *extend* the legal rights of the public, at the same time defining what those rights are.

The Act says that "After the commencement of this Act the members of the public shall . . . have rights of access for air and exercise to any land which is" (a) a Metropolitan common, (b) a common in a borough or urban district, or (c) a common which the lord of the manor by deed declares shall be subject to the new Act.

In these three cases, which include almost every piece of public land (other than municipal parks), the Act provides that "such rights of access shall not include any right to draw or drive upon the land a carriage, cart, caravan, truck, or other vehicle, or to camp or light any fire thereon."

The object of the provision quoted is undoubtedly to legalise a custom which the public have improperly followed, of walking upon common land. The term "common land" is unfortunate, although it is the correct legal name. Common land does not denote land which is open to the public generally.

Common land is land which at one time was the waste land of a manor. The lord of the manor lived in the manor house and had the best land near by, the rest of the land fit for cultivation was held by his feudal tenants, and the odd land which under antiquated mediaeval agriculture was considered waste was used by the tenants for pasturage and for cutting timber and grass. A tenant who belonged to a manor which had waste land was a "commoner" and by virtue of his tenancy had "rights of common."

No one else has legally the right to walk all over a common except "commoners." The public may have ac-

quired, by long use, a right of passage along a footpath, but they can rarely acquire a right of free passage over all parts of the common.

Now when it comes to a question of recreation, it must be clearly understood that no such right as a right to go on common land for such a purpose is recognised by the law at the present moment, unless the inhabitants of a particular town or district have acquired the right by long use. Hence villagers may go on to the village green for recreation, and inhabitants of certain towns may take exercise and play games on neighbouring commons. But the great British public as a whole has no right to take exercise or air on common land.

It will, however, be seen that by virtue of the great difficulty in discovering who is and who is not an inhabitant of the neighbouring district, especially on Bank Holidays when the commons are crowded, the authorities have never taken action, and the public on this account have got into the habit of thinking that common land is everybody's land.

If anyone who is not a commoner

damages the surface of common land in however slight a degree, whether by riding, driving, or lighting fires on it, any commoner may sue the offender for interfering with the common land, and besides this the lord of the manor, who is in law owner of the land, can sue for damages for trespass.

It will be seen then that most picnics are illegal except in those rare cases where Parliament or a private owner or the King (in the case of Royal Parks and Forests) has declared the land to be free to everyone. But in any case, damage to the land is an offence, for the public have a right to have the land protected just as commoners have in the case of common land.

It will be seen then that Lord Birkenhead's Act gives to the public legal rights which they had not before. Instead of being in the position of tolerated trespassers, persons who now take air and exercise over any part of the common lands mentioned above at the beginning of this article will have a legal right of access.

The fact that the Act forbids lighting fires does not make any difference, for such an act has always been illegal, and under the Summary Jurisdiction Acts since 1879 the penalty for setting fire to a common has been either a heavy fine or imprisonment.

Driving a vehicle over a common is no more an offence under the Law of Property Act than before; but there is this difference—the power to take action will be in the hands of the police instead of private gamekeepers and commoners.

Therein lies the chief obstacle to the motor picnic. Lords of the manor and commoners were not always diligent in looking after their rights. However, there are ways and means of avoiding trouble. The spirit stove is more convenient than a rustic fire and would not be illegal if raised on the ground on a plank or iron sheet. Picnicking is not camping unless a tent is pitched. And where a cart track exists on a common, the only persons who could sue a motorist for using this would be the commoners or the lord of the manor.

Besides, there is one comfort. The penalty is 40s., and that is the worst that can happen. There is no power in the Act to imprison offenders or to endorse or suspend licences.



Another corner of picturesque Iwerne Minster—see pages 14 and 15. Here is shown the village grocery stores.

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A PIONEER CAR'S REMARKABLE RUN

Few "old-timers" in existence to-day, and especially of those approaching a quarter of a century in age, could accomplish the run from Wolverhampton to London under their own power. Yet a 24-year-old Sunbeam made this trip, as described below, with astonishing ease

A REMARKABLE trip has just been accomplished by a twenty-four-year-old Sunbeam car, one of the original Sunbeam Mabley models of 1901.

As it had to be sent from the Sunbeam works at Wolverhampton it was decided that it should, if possible, do the journey under its own power. The car was very hurriedly prepared and, apart from such alterations as the fitting of a modern magneto in place of the original coil and battery ignition, relining the brakes, new tyres, etc., it is very much the same as when it was in regular use many years ago.

Carrying the driver and one passenger, the car travelled via Walsall, Coventry, Daventry, and Dunstable to St. Albans. The latter town was reached about 8 o'clock on Thursday evening, May 14th, and although it would have been easily possible to complete the journey on to London the same evening it was thought advisable to leave the concluding portion of the journey until the following morning, as the car was not equipped with lamps. The car left St. Albans on the Friday morning and travelled via Elstree on to the Edgware Road, and thence to the Sunbeam Company's showrooms in Princes Street, Hanover Square.

This journey of some 128 miles was done without any trouble in regard to the running of the car. It climbed every hill met *en route*, including such well-known inclines as Castle Bromwich Hill, Meriden Hill, Braunston Hill and Daventry High Street. The entire journey was done at an average speed of 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles per hour, and on the level 18 miles an hour was easily maintained.

Throughout the journey the car, with its curious seating arrangement and 2 $\frac{3}{4}$ h.p. single cylinder engine, which is mounted by the side

AN IMMEDIATE SUCCESS. "SOLD OUT."

THE June issue of "The Motor Owner" was the first of a new and enlarged series under the editorship of the well-known motoring expert, Capt. E. de Normanville. It has been acclaimed by the Press, by regular readers and by new readers as an unqualified success. Though an enormously increased bookstall sale was organised, "Sold out" difficulties were encountered before the first ten days of the month had passed. By that period we could no longer meet wholesale repeat orders from bookstall distributors. On the 17th of the month we could no longer supply even a single copy; we could only refer intending readers to the chance acquisition of a copy at any bookstall which was not "Sold out."

Though that is very gratifying from our standpoint, it is none the less obvious that to make sure of a copy you must either "buy quickly"—"The Motor Owner" is on sale at all leading bookstalls—or become a subscriber. The subscription rate is 15s. per annum, post free; 20s. for abroad. Remittances should be addressed to The Publisher, "The Motor Owner," 10, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2.



of the front wheel, attracted great attention. Whenever a stop was made crowds quickly congregated round the car, and the driver and passenger were eagerly questioned as to the mechanical parts, which appear very curious nowadays. For instance: the car has two central wheels running on the same axle, and two other wheels placed fore and aft, the steering being effected through these wheels and controlled by a tiller from the rear seat. The very crude seating accommodation and upholstery evoked much amusing comment, as did the original springs still in position, for preventing the car from running backwards on inclines. It is interesting to note that the driver of this car drove identical Sunbeam Mableys in 1901 when they were first made, being one of the oldest employees of the Sunbeam Motor Car Co. Ltd.

The most remarkable thing about this performance is that it was undertaken so hurriedly, without any particular preparation beyond the fitting of new tyres, etc., as detailed above. The run certainly demonstrated what can be done by even a twenty-four-year-old machine which was regarded in its day as one of the fastest and most reliable motor-cars on the road, a reputation still shared by the Sunbeam cars of 1925. The relic of the early days of motoring is now on exhibition in the showrooms of one of London's leading motor agents, Messrs. Joyce, Ltd., of Euston Road. Incidentally, it is interesting to observe that one of the new Three Litre Sports model Sunbeam cars is also on exhibition at Messrs. Joyce's showrooms. The cars stand in a remarkable evidence of progress in automotive design.



The 1901 Sunbeam Mabley model which recently accomplished, without difficulty, a journey of some 128 miles under its own power, recording the excellent average speed of 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles per hour.

MODERN MECHANICAL MASTERPIECES

Below we illustrate four beautiful examples of high-class British automobiles—the Three-Litre Bentley, a special Daimler Saloon Coupé, the new Three-Litre Sunbeam sports car, and an attractive sports 6-cylinder A.C.



The Three-Litre Bentley.



The Special Daimler Saloon Coupé.

THIS beautiful model Three-Litre Bentley was presented by Sir Robert McAlpine to his granddaughter, Miss Lillias Elizabeth McAlpine, as a wedding present on the occasion of her marriage to Squadron Leader C. A. Ridley, D.S.O., M.C., R.A.F.

Bentley cars are known the whole world over as superb models of automobile efficiency—their degree of excellence being either in regard to design, construction, or finish, far in advance of the average.

NO British firm has had greater experience in the design and manufacture of racing and sports type cars than the Sunbeam Company, and no firm has been more consistently successful in the principal racing events at home and abroad.

In the Three-Litre Sunbeam this unrivalled experience has been focused upon the production of a super-sports car which will worthily uphold the prestige of the Sunbeam name. As a particularly fast car, comfortable to drive, and with the security of the Sunbeam four-wheel brakes, it stands in a class by itself. The six-cylinder overhead valve engine, with valves operated by overhead camshafts, is extraordinarily efficient.

The four-seater body has been specially designed for this chassis, and is a fine example of Sunbeam coachwork. The driving seat is adjustable, and hood and side curtains giving complete protection against inclement weather, are included.

SEVERAL original features in coachwork design are incorporated in the Saloon Coupé car illustrated above.

The body has been built to the particular instructions of the owner, and is fitted on a R.L. 30 H.P. Daimler chassis.

Clover leaf seating permitted the building of a polished walnut cabinet at both sides of the interior rear seat, each to accommodate suit cases, etc., and to provide accommodation for smaller articles. Both front seats are adjustable and the backrest of the passenger's seat is further made to fold and the whole seat to tip forward to give access to the rear seat. A dickey at the back provides seating for two passengers.

The instrument board has a roll top cover that effectively prevents any unauthorised use of the car. A fixed roof window provides an addition to the interior lighting arrangements.

THE photograph below is of a special Egerton Sports body, made by the well known and old established firm of Egertons (Ipswich), Ltd., Northgate, Ipswich, on an A.C. chassis.

The body is a four-door one and behind the front seat is an occasional seat which comes under the protection of the hood in inclement weather. The compartment for the occasional seat can also be utilised to form a useful luggage locker.

The very neat lines of the hood will be noted, also the attractive V Sports wind screen. The finished car looks very smart painted in two rich shades of red, the bonnet top, scuttle, top rail and wings being painted a deeper colour.



The Three-Litre Sports Sunbeam.



An Egerton Sports A.C.

MOTORING NEWS OF THE MONTH

H.R.H. 'Prince' Henry has been graciously pleased to accept a copy of the recently published volume "The History and Development of the Sunbeam Car." Prince Henry himself is a Sunbeam owner, a 20-60 h.p. six-cylinder limousine model having been supplied to him last year.

Tilbury-Gravesend Ferry.

During the summer the London Midland and Scottish Railway will keep the Tilbury-Gravesend ferry service open for motor car traffic until 10 p.m. instead of 9 p.m. as hitherto.

Lady Driver's Success.

One of the most popular competitors at the Shelsley Welsh hill climb was Miss Doris Heath. Driving a 12 h.p. Sports model Darracq, with a full complement of passengers, Miss Heath put up a magnificent climb, winning on formula and making the fastest time in this class.

Great Britain Wins.

There was more than the one world's record beaten by the British motorist, Mr. Thomas Gillett, at Montlhéry.

Mr. Gillett achieved a new world's twenty-four hour record for four-litre cars on a six-cylinder A.C. car and Dunlop tyres, with a little over 1,960 miles at an average speed of 81½ miles per hour. But he also completed the 2,000 miles in 24 hours 35 minutes and 58 seconds, another feat which "beat the world's record all the way," according to the announcement cabled across to Sir George Beharrell, managing director of Dunlops, by Mr. S. F. Edge.

"Dunlop tyres ran throughout without a single trouble," testifies Mr. Edge, "and Gillett and his A.C. car both finished fresh as paint and wished to continue for forty-eight hours' record."

Transvaal Hill Climb.

Under the auspices of the Transvaal Automobile Club, several hill-climbing competitions were held last April on the severe hill in the Transvaal called "Mulder's Drift Hill." The hill is anything but an easy one to negotiate, having several almost hairpin corners, and a rough surface. In seven-eighths of a mile the road rises 860 ft., and the steepest part of the gradient is one in four.

In this trial Austin "Sevens" did remarkably well, securing first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh places in the class for cars of 1,350 c.c. and under.

"The Three Hydro-Carbons."

In these days when an "outline" of everything is published in a few monthly parts, Shell-Mex are certainly in keeping with the spirit of

the times in publishing the little booklet under the above title. It is an endeavour to explain to motorists in a light humorous fashion what are the three primary constituents of motor spirit. Everyone knows the variations in different qualities of coal, in water from different localities, and so forth, but very few motorists know what are the essential qualities of a well-balanced petrol.

The booklet, which is illustrated by some quaint and clever outline drawings, shows the influence of the three hydrocarbons—paraffin, naphthene, and aromatic—in a motor spirit, and convincingly establishes the claim that Shell is essentially the well-balanced spirit.

Copies can be obtained, post free, on application to Shell Mex. Ltd., Publicity Department, Shell Corner, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

In the Public Eye.

Few light cars have been so prominently in the public eye of late as the Lea-Francis, which has been consistently successful in classic competitions and in everyday service. In the Ealing and District Motor Cycling Club's sixth annual open London-Holyhead Trial five Lea-Francis cars were entered. All gained the premier award of a silver cup, and Lea-Francis cars also secured the team prize. The three cars comprising the victorious team were driven respectively by S. D. Marr, N. Morris and H. E. Tatlow; the other two, which also secured premier awards, being piloted by H. Stevens and T. W. Wilkin.

Meritorious Service.

The reports sent in by the Automobile Association road patrols covering the Whitsun holiday, indicate that even the enormous holiday road traffic at Easter was surpassed. The Whitsun figures show that 107,884 members obtained road information—an increase of 16,837 over the Easter figure.

Emergency supplies, in the way of

petrol, oil and minor accessories, obtained by the cyclist patrols for members, and 3,429 vehicles were assisted by the drivers of the A.A. Road Service outfits. Mechanical assistance in connection with serious roadside troubles were given to 62 members, and the number of accident cases dealt with was 293.

A Fine Performance.

An ordinary 20-70 h.p. Crossley car, driven by L. Cudmore, created a sensation at the Brooklands Motor Races meeting on Whit Monday, winning in first, second and third consecutive events, winning three cups.

The following are the events in which the Crossley was successful. These are the only races in which it was entered: (1) 75 m.p.h. short handicap. The Crossley won by ten yards at a speed of 81 miles per hour. (2) 100 m.p.h. short handicap. The Crossley obtained second place; and (3) 75 m.p.h. long handicap. The Crossley obtained third place.

It should be noted that the Crossley was fitted with a four-seater body, and, with the exception of minor details such as the removal of mud wings, it was identical with the ordinary 20 h.p. model which is sold to the public.

An Admirable Competition.

Although the worthy hospital competition ballot is not new, the one promoted by the Committee of St. Thomas's is worthy of mention.

The first prize, generously given by an anonymous donor is the neat but expensive tune of £5,000, whilst the second is a 1925 Humber 12-25 h.p. touring car, valued at £400, presented by Messrs. Humber, Ltd., of Coventry. The great attraction of this prize is the actual car to be presented, which is admired on the corner of Westminster Bridge in the hospital grounds, and is a handsomely designed glass case, which is admired daily by the thousands who pass by.

We reproduce a photograph of this car exactly as it appears on the site, which will remain until the close of the competition about October 31st. Humber, Ltd., has also presented a smaller prize of a 2½ h.p. motor cycle combination outfit valued at £65 15s. Altogether the list reaches the handsome figure of close on £5,000. The competition closes by placing in order of popularity twelve of the twenty leading sportsmen of the Empire, the names of which are printed on the tickets. Tickets are in circulation everywhere and cost 2s. each—a small sum when one considers the value of the donation to St. Thomas's Hospital, apart from the valuable list of prizes.



The 1925 12/25 Humber Touring Car, which has been presented by Messrs. Humber as a Second Prize in the Hospital Ballot organised by the Committee of St. Thomas's Hospital—see notice above.



INDEX TO ADVERTISERS

*If you wish in this world to advance,
Your merits you're bound to enhance;
You must stir it and stomp it,
And blow your own trumpet,
Or, trust me, you haven't a chance.*
—W. S. Gilbert.

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THERE IS NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT

BROADCASTING BUSINESS BREVITIES

A Big Order.

The Wilcot (Parent) Co., Ltd., has received an order from Morris Motors, Ltd., for another 750,000 Wefco spring-covers. Previous orders for these well-known oil lubricated covers have totalled upwards of 1,000,000.

A New Wireless Crystal.

C.A.V. have just placed upon the market the C.A.V. crystal, of which reports speak very highly. It is put up in a charming and attractive little box. It is supplied at 1s. 6d. with a silver cat-whisker specially designed for this crystal.

Lubrication Notes.

C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., have recently issued two attractive folders dealing with the lubrication of the 11 h.p. and 14 h.p. Standard cars. Standard owners desirous of obtaining a copy should apply to the local agent or direct to Wakefield House, Cheapside, London, E.C.2, stating the model concerned.

The "Best Possible."

The races for the Founders' Gold Cup, the Brooklands Vase, and five other events at the Whit Monday Meeting of the Brooklands Automobile Racing Club were won on "B.P.," the British petrol. In addition, a new lap record for the track—129.36 miles an hour—was set up by Mr. J. G. P. Thomas, also on "B.P."

Coach Handicraft.

H.H.H. Limited, high class coach-builders, of Woodside Works, North Finchley, who up to the present have graced all De Dion Bouton chassis arriving in England with their coach handicraft, are now in a position to build and supply any type or design of coach craft, suitable for any make of chassis. The concern is under the direct supervision of Mr. Edwin H. Taylor, who is well known in the coachbuilding world.

A Pleasing Fuel Consumption.

At the time when the average motorist is taking more than usual interest in the right type of fuel for his car, it is noteworthy that some very extraordinary results have been achieved with the petrol made by the Medway Oil and Storage Co., Ltd., and which has been recently placed on the market under the trade name of Power Petrol.

On May 9th last, a trial of this petrol was made under Royal Automobile Club observation in order to establish the miles per gallon that could be obtained from an ordinary 4-cylinder car of 1,500 c.c. capacity. This trial was, in

fact, carried out on a Riley car owned and driven by Mr. Russell Sharpe. The Royal Automobile Club itself purchased the petrol, and the trial was carried out under road conditions.

The two gallons of Power Petrol—i.e., one can—produced the incredible mileage of 138.31. Although no person is entitled to claim records of consumption, owing to the fact that there is no international agency establishing such performances, as far as we can discover this mileage is largely in excess of that performed with any other fuel on a four-wheeled car with an engine of like capacity.

A further extraordinary fact emerges. The weight of the car when loaded was 20.9 cwt., including passengers, and this gives the figure of 72.2 ton miles per gallon.

The French Grand Prix.

Darracq cars added another remarkable series of wins to their many victories in the French Grand Prix race for 1,500 c.c. cars on the Montlhéry track last month. First, second and third places were all secured by Darracqs, the victorious cars being driven, respectively, by George Duller, Count Conelli and Major H. O. D. Segrave. Only six cars finished out of sixteen starters, and Major Segrave's Darracq made the fastest lap at a speed of 107½ miles an hour. The course was a total distance of 310½ miles, and the last 100 miles were run in a thunderstorm.

More Records Fall.

During trials carried out with an absolutely standard 45 h.p. Renault on the new Montlhéry track on May 11th, four world's records were broken. They are the three-hour record, six-hour record, 500 kilometre record and 500 mile record. The distances covered and the average speeds are as follows:—3-hour record—distance covered, 509.857 km., or 316.8 miles; average speed, 169.885 k.p.h., or

105.6 m.p.h. 6-hour record—distance covered, 945.397 km., or 587.5 miles; average speed, 157.566 k.p.h., or 97.9 m.p.h. 500-km. record—time, 2 hours 56 minutes 40 seconds; average speed, 169.811 k.p.h., or 105.5 m.p.h. 500-mile record—time, 4 hours 49 minutes 11 seconds; average speed, 103.6 m.p.h.

This performance is more than unusual when it is considered that, although Renault do not build racing cars, they can take one out of stock and beat records which have been previously established by specially built racing models.

Immediate Success.

Success is bound to come to the motor car manufacturer who is always seeking to improve his productions, and that is beyond doubt the principal reason why the Clyno people have experienced such phenomenal progress.

For many years this company made motor cycle outfits, but it was only between October, 1922, and September, 1923, that they turned their hands to the manufacture of motor cars.

Success was immediate, because between October, 1923, and September, 1924, the sale of Clyno cars increased 715 per cent. over the previous and their first year. During the first seven months of the present season—viz., between October, 1924, and April, 1925, the sale of these popular cars has increased 988 per cent. over the first year.

These figures are especially illuminating in view of the fact that they refer solely to cars actually sold, and one must remember that they were sold in a particularly competitive market.

The latest efforts of the Clyno people affect their already popular series of Royal 4-seater models, and by vastly improved coachwork they have provided the public with a really exceptionally good vehicle.

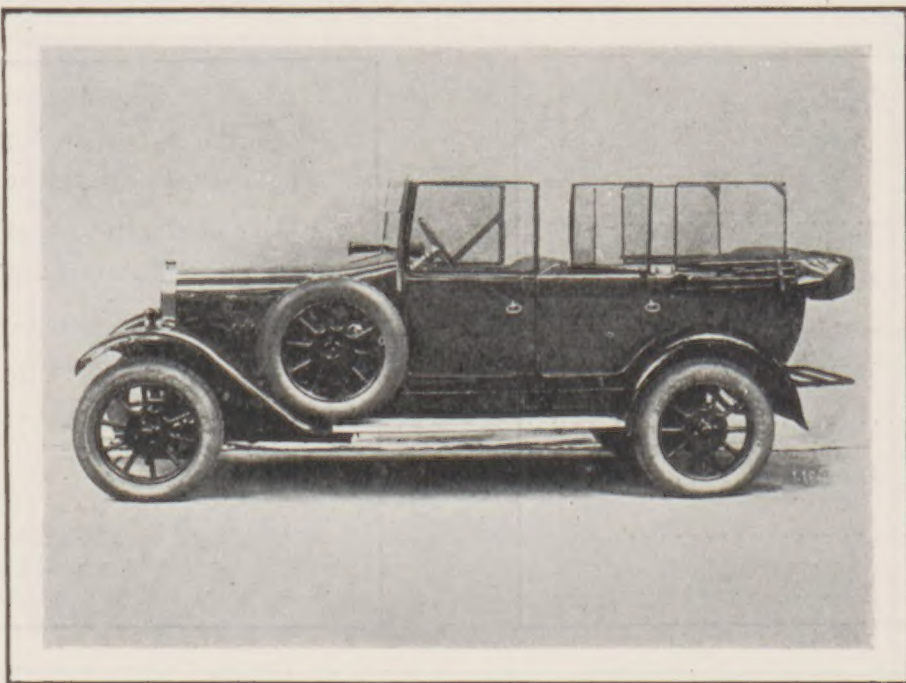
The new and improved Royal 4-seater models remain at their original price.

Royal South African Tour.

Sir William Letts, the managing director of Crossley Motors, Ltd., has just received the following cable from Mr. F. J. Small, who is in charge of the fleet of six Crossley cars at present with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales in South Africa.

"All cars running perfectly—giving every satisfaction—hard going since Capetown—roads bad—all cars get through bush country well—am keeping fit." "SMALL."

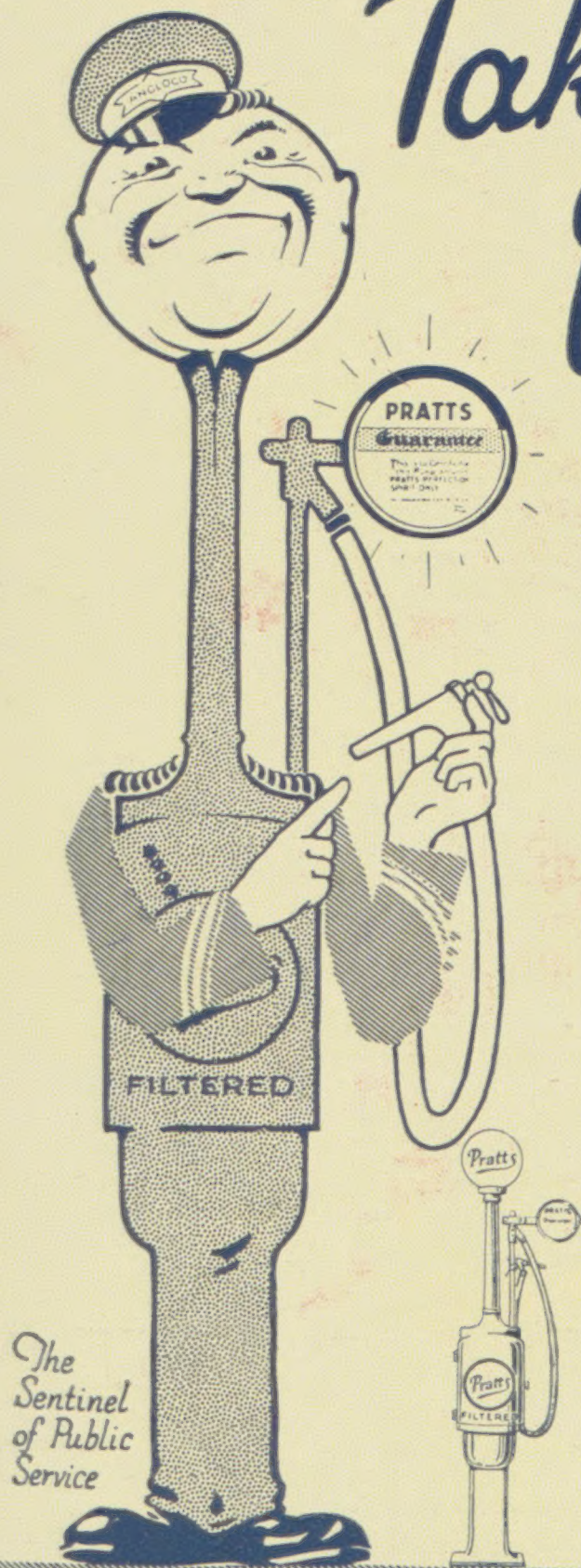
It is gratifying to note that as on previous tours, the Crossleys are giving their usual satisfactory service.



The new and improved Royal 4-seater Clyno touring car—a model which is gaining immense popularity.



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